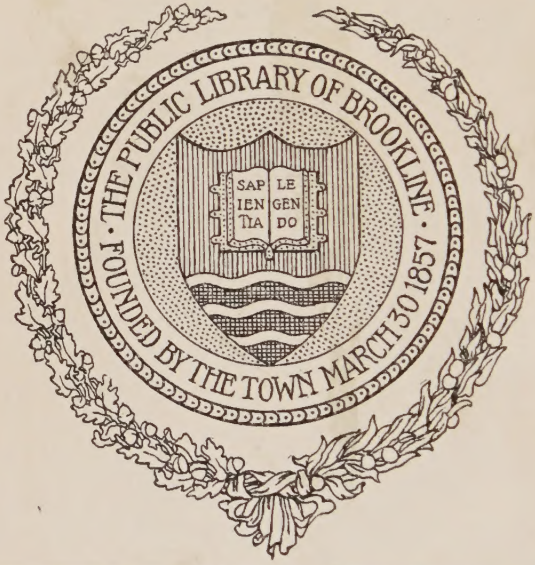
FORGING THE SWORD

The Story of Camp Devens

ROBINSON



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FORGING THE SWORD

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FORGING THE SWORD

THE STORY OF CAMP DEVENS

New England's Army Cantonment

By

WILLIAM J. ROBINSON

Author of "Fourteen Months at the Front" and Boston Globe Correspondent at Camp Devens

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TO

THE AMERICAN LEGION

AMONG WHOSE MEMBERS ARE THOUSANDS WHO FIRST DONNED THE UNIFORM AT CAMP DEVENS, AND WHO, WHETHER THEY "GOT ACROSS" OR NOT, PLAYED THE GAME LIKE TWO-FISTED FIGHTING MEN, THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED WITH ADMIRATION AND RESPECT.

FOREWORD

By

MAJOR GENERAL HENRY P. MCCAIN, U. S. A.

Commander of the Plymouth (12th) Division and later cantonment commander at Camp Devens

CAMP DEVENS is the only national encampment in New England. The work done there in preparation for the World War measured fully up to the country's expectations. Every New Englander and every man who served at Camp Devens will be interested in an account of its activities.

"Forging the Sword" gives in chronological order, from the arrival of the first man at Camp Devens to the demobilization of the 26th Division, a full account of how New England's manpower was assembled, equipped, trained, and thousands sent across to fight. The author, Mr. William J. Robinson, correspondent of the *Boston Globe*, is equipped by nature and by experience to undertake this important work.

He lived in the cantonment for more than a year. He did not simply exist there. He was always on the job regardless of weather or other conditions. He had access to all places and to all formations, and he saw the troops being equipped, he saw them in training, and he saw them during the distressing epidemic of influenza. He knew the officers and thousands of the enlisted men, and associated daily and freely with them, on and off duty. He was liked by them and had their confidence. What he has written can be relied upon as the true story of Camp Devens. I am pleased to commend his story of how the sword of New England was forged to all who are interested in Camp Devens and to all who are justly proud of the part played by New England in the great war.

H. P. MCCAIN,
Major-General, U. S. A.

December 1, 1919.

PREFACE

A SUGGESTION is really a germ. A request might be called a germ grown up. And an order—well, everybody who has been in the army knows what an order is!

Now there are without doubt many better qualified to turn out a history of Camp Devens than the writer of this volume, and for that among other reasons it is hoped that this book will not be considered a history by prospective readers of its pages. If they start with the idea of reading a history, they will be disillusioned before they get very far. But the idea of a "story" of Devens has been suggested, requested and "ordered"—all three, and the compliance of the writer will be found on the pages following.

As a story containing most of the high lights of the activities at Camp Devens it is the honest belief of the writer that it will be found sufficiently accurate. That many, many details have been necessarily omitted is granted. It pretends to be a general story of what happened at New England's cantonment during the World War, garnished with lighter details here and there to give courage to any disinterested reader into whose hands it may fall; that and nothing more. As such it is offered to those who are interested.

If any credit is to be given for the publication of the story here described, the major share of it belongs to the *Boston Globe*. That newspaper published more news of New England troops during the World War than any other Boston daily, and carried in its columns nearly three quarters of a million words of news regarding the troops at Camp Devens alone.

The *Globe* was also the only New England newspaper to have a staff correspondent accredited to the first New England division overseas. A *Globe* staff correspondent was kept at Camp Devens from the time the first National Army recruit

arrived there on September 5, 1917, until July 5, 1919, when practically all of the New England men returning to civilian life through Camp Devens had been discharged.

Much credit is also due Mr. Laurence L. Winship of the *Globe* staff, who was the first representative of that paper to be stationed at Camp Devens, and who "covered" the 76th Division during the major part of its training there. The greater portion of the facts pertaining to the 76th Division contained in this volume were gathered by Mr. Winship.

Thanks are due the military authorities at Camp Devens for their extreme kindness and great assistance in providing official data of varied nature, and to Major-General Henry P. McCain, Captain R. G. Sherman, Camp Adjutant, and other members of the Headquarters Staff in particular, for their encouragement and help.

To George H. Davis, Jr., Leonard Small and Arnold Belcher, *Globe* staff photographers; to the *Globe* itself and to Captain Livingston Swentzel, U. S. Signal Corps, are due credit for the great majority of the illustrations.

The writer only asks that this story be accepted as an honest effort to record, for the benefit of those interested, some of the most important facts and events concerning New England's greatest war camp.

W. J. R.

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FORGING THE SWORD

Chapter I

THE CAMPSITE IN THE WILDERNESS

One spring day in 1917, a group of army officers, together with a few civilians, drove by automobile from the headquarters of the Northeastern Department in Boston to the little railroad town of Ayer, Massachusetts. Their cars continued through the town almost to the Shirley line where the Mohawk Trail crosses the Nashua River.

There the cars stopped and the party alighted. They climbed to the brow of a steep hill just off the main road, at the top of which was located a dancing pavilion. Evidently it was the spot they were seeking, for there they stood for some time, pointing off into the distance, asking questions of some of the civilians and making notes. One of the officers seemed to command the respect and deference of the other officers in the party. He was Major-General Clarence R. Edwards, recently come to New England to take command of the Northeastern Department.

For some time these people tramped about a trackless waste of sandy land, profusely covered with scrubby trees and bushes. Finally they entered their automobiles again and drove away.

Shortly after he returned to Boston General Edwards sent a lengthy and detailed report with recommendations to the War Department in Washington, and soon there came an announcement from Washington to the effect that a military cantonment for the district of New England would be built at Ayer, and in that cantonment would be trained the men of New England and northern New York State who were selected by the Gov-

ernment to serve in the army we were about to raise to throw into the World War.

Thus was the site for New England's National Army cantonment selected, quickly, quietly and without any pomp or ceremony. For speed was a vital factor in the raising of our armies, and the more quietly it was done the more quickly would results be realized. New England didn't pay a great deal of attention to Camp Devens at first. Afterwards the camp became the hub of our own particular little universe. Scarce a family in the six New England States that didn't have some relative or friend at Devens. It would be difficult to find a person in these Northeastern States who was not in some way interested in it. We flocked to the camp in person on Sundays and holidays, by the thousands and hundreds of thousands. We looked longingly for letters from Devens. Every time the telephone rang there was the possibility that it might be Devens on the line, and every telegraph boy might bear a message from this city which grew up almost over night.

But just at the very first our thoughts were elsewhere. Things were happening so fast, event following event with such rapidity, and each stirring us so deeply that a mere feat of building construction passed almost unnoticed. Our hearts were pretty full during those summer days of 1917. Registration day, June 5, when 10,000,000 of our young men were listed for service in the military forces of the United States, brought the war up to our front doorstep, but with our boys still at home and no date set as to when they would be called away, our eyes were still fixed on the shores of Europe.

Perhaps it would be safe to say that the war really began for us when "Black Jack" Pershing landed in Europe. Then it was that we began to realize that our sons were soon to go forth to battle. Pershing was to be their commander-in-chief, and he was at last "over there."

Then came July 4. No single event during our first six months of participation in the war so stirred us as did the re-

ception accorded the first of our troops to reach Paris. There was but a single battalion of them, slightly more than 1,000 Yankee soldiers. But when we read of their arrival and of how thousands of little war orphans bent their chubby knees and bowed their little heads as our Star Spangled Banner was carried through the Paris streets by this little band of Yankees, our hearts began to burn with that pride of country which proved to be one of our greatest assets during the conflict. Our sons began to talk of "when we get over there," and we knew that the time was approaching.

Every country in the world, especially those which were allied against Germany, marveled at the manner in which we decided to raise our armies. France, of course, had compulsory military service before the war, but she was amazed that America should start immediately with a form of conscription. England didn't resort to conscription until she had been fighting nearly two years. And here was a vast country of more than 100,000,000 people whose historical associations and political traditions emphasized the liberty of individual choice even in war, adopting at the outset a form of compulsory military service. It was astonishing! They were at a loss to understand it—then.

And right here the writer desires to take issue with those who term our manner in raising our armies "conscription." Perhaps it was just that in the strict grammatical sense of the word, but it was not so in spirit. It was "Selective Service," the fairest and most sensible manner of raising an army. And while the service demanded was compulsory in a manner, the men who were selected for service in the National Army were not "conscripts" in the popular sense of the word.

For no men ever made better soldiers than did these sons of ours who were content to present themselves to Uncle Sam and say: "Here I am; you know where I can best be of service. Put me there. Teach me what you want me to do, and I'll do it as best I can." These men came willingly and gladly. Our

Government declared that this was the most effective way of raising a vast fighting machine, and the men who went into the service under the Selective Service Act were obeying the best judgment of the powers in Washington.

The soldier who stands up today and throws out his chest and voice in the boast that he was a volunteer makes a fool of himself, and it will be noticed that few of our New England soldiers do it. Those who went across with the 26th Division and were consequently in France months ahead of the New England National Army men were fortunate indeed, but there were hundreds of other National Guard men—(many of the 1st Maine Heavies, for instance)—who were left behind and did not get across until after the National Army men. They were the unfortunate ones. And it will be noticed that the American Legion, that magnificent organization of the men who fought their country's battles and returned home safely, does not discriminate between the National Army man and the National Guard man and the Regular. Each did his best according to his qualifications and the orders of our Government, and it was because of this that the War Department eliminated all distinction between the three classes.

New England really had the war brought home to her on July 9, when President Wilson issued a proclamation calling the entire National Guard of the United States to the colors. That meant separation from some of our own, but after all it was only a comparative few. Those people who had dear ones in the National Guard felt the cold clutch of War's hand on their hearts, but for the rest of New England there was still nothing but uncertainty.

It was not until July 13, when official announcement was made from Washington that the War Department wanted 687,000 men in the first draft from the 10,000,000 between 21 and 31 years of age who registered under the Selective Service Act on June 5, and that as many men as was necessary to produce this 687,000 would be called, that New Englanders generally felt the first horror of the war upon them.

For no family with a man between 21 and 31 in it knew whether they would be called upon to send one of their dear ones or not. It was the element of uncertainty that made it so hard. But the men themselves were ready. They had given their local draft boards the necessary data from which to reach a decision as to who should go first, and they waited, calm, confident, ready and willing if called.

Massachusetts, having the greatest population of any of the New England States, was called upon to supply the greatest number of men for the first draft. In all, New England was asked to provide 37,438 men as its first contingent. The New England States were called upon for the following numbers:

Massachusetts	20,586
Connecticut	10,977
Maine	1,821
Rhode Island	1,801
New Hampshire	1,204
Vermont	1,049
Total	37,438

It was stated that these men would be sent to Camp Devens for training, and then, and not until then, did the public interest really turn toward the cantonment, which had been under process of construction only about two weeks, and of which we knew very little, as never before in the history of our country had such an undertaking been even thought of.

Forty thousand men (for there were some 2,000 odd coming to Devens from northern New York State also) from every walk and condition of life, herded together into one camp like so many cattle! The idea was revolting, not to say terrifying, and the more timid conjured up pictures of disease-infested holes, miscalled camps, such as were found during the Civil and Spanish Wars, where men died by the thousands of disease. That a modern city, even though it was constructed of wood,

could be provided for this vast number of men in two short months staggered the imagination, and some of us actually scouted the idea as preposterous.

Just two days after the announcement that we would be called on for these thousands came the word from abroad that the American Army in France had moved up close to the fighting front and that trench training "was begun without an hour's delay."

Our men were in it—almost. They were at the front at least. We must back them up. The Yanks were ready, willing, eager. The big camp might not "come through," but our men would, anyway. And so we decided that we were willing to be shown.

Chapter II

ASTONISHING CONSTRUCTION AND FIRST ARRIVALS

Nine weeks from the day on which the newspapers announced that work had actually been started on New England's own military cantonment, the Fred T. Ley Company of Springfield, Massachusetts, inserted a huge advertisement in all the Boston dailies announcing that Camp Devens—which had been named in honor of General Charles Devens, one of New England's general officers in the Civil War—was ready for the New England soldiers. But that camp was vastly different from the one that stands outside the village of Ayer today. In fact it was only about one sixth of the present camp.

To New England then, however, it was a truly wonderful place. Our conception of a military camp had heretofore been a long grassy field gleaming white with tents, where at night the camp-fires shone brightly and the men clustered around the blaze and lifted their voices in song. It had been a mental picture of weary soldiers sleeping on the ground, while sentries paced around the cluster of tents in the darkness.

The newspapers announced that Camp Devens was a city of comfortable buildings, two miles long by one and one-half miles wide, covering an area of 10,000 acres. Just before the "first five per cent" of New England's contribution to the army that was to turn the tide of battle against the Huns left their homes to begin their training, we began to realize that the seemingly impossible had been accomplished. A city of barrack homes for 43,000 men had sprung up on sandy hillsides and fields which nine weeks before were covered with scrub growth and trees, untenanted and unbroken by roads.

They switched on the lights on the night of August 30. Not

the fire light, but electric lights, thousands and thousands of them. And out of the darkness flashed a dream city, man-made magic, thousands of windows blinking brightly, a dazzling vision rolling back into the hills like a dozen terraced Great White Ways. New England had beaten the rest of the country. Her cantonment was finished first, ready to receive its thousands of potential soldiers and house them comfortably.

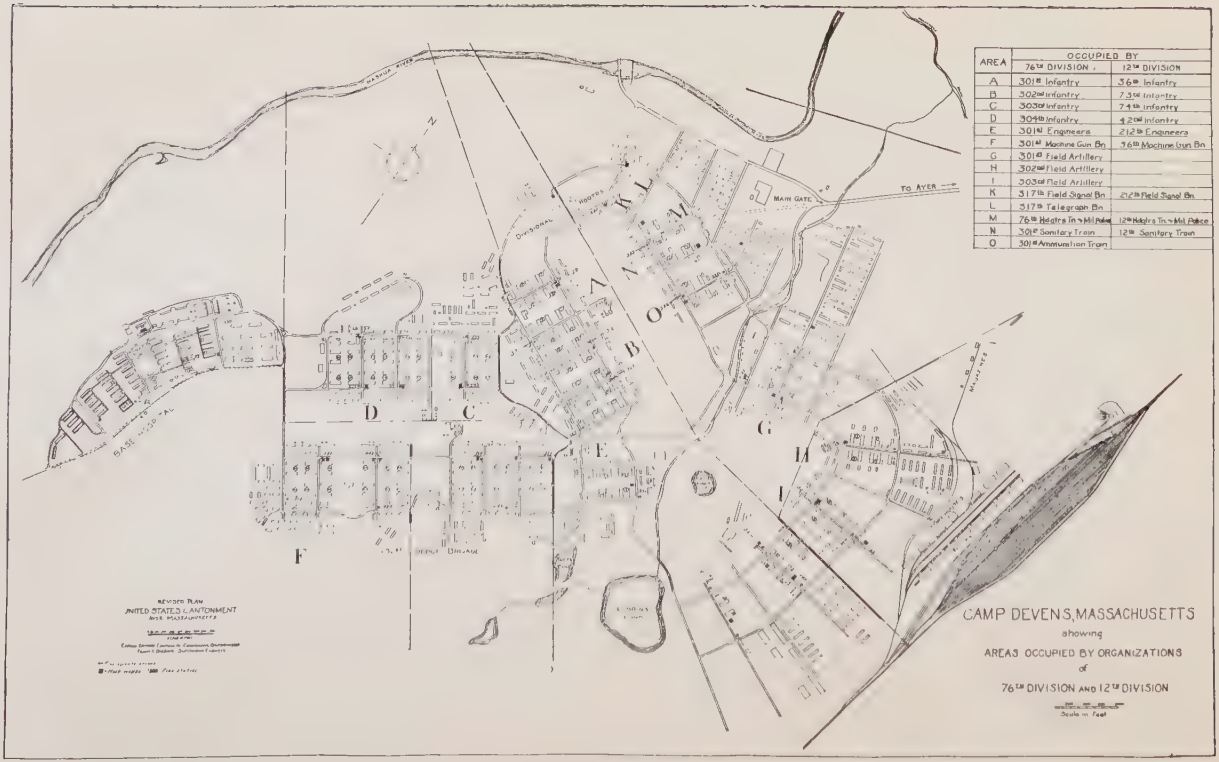
It had taken a civilian army to build this home for the soldier army. It was a triumph for American brains, American business organization, American labor organization, American mechanical devices, American materials from American forests and American factories, American transportation and, greatest of all, for American push.

There were some 9,000 men in this civilian army, working under a mere youngster, Frank B. Rogers, who superintended the job for the Fred T. Ley Company. Rogers was so young that he had to register for the draft himself. The civilian army started to move out on August 28, their work completed. They had worked every day for nine weeks; Sundays, holidays, every day. For America was at war, and every moment counted. It was, indeed, as mixed a group of laborers as could be found anywhere, yet there was never a hint of labor trouble. For most of them knew what patriotism is, and as they sat down to every meal they ate on the camp site they were confronted by a little sign which read:

ONLY A FEW OF US
CAN FIGHT FOR THE FLAG,
BUT ALL OF US
CAN WORK FOR THE FLAG.
HELP WIN THE WAR BY AVOIDING
ACCIDENTS.
DO YOUR BIT.

And so, several days before the first men were due to arrive, this civilian army had erected more than 600 buildings, laid

The Camp Site in the Wilderness


AREA
OCCUPIED BY
76TH DIVISION
12TH DIVISION
A 301st Infantry 36th Infantry
B 302nd Infantry 73rd Infantry
C 303rd Infantry 74th Infantry
D 304th Infantry 420th Infantry
E 301st Engineers 212th Engineers
F 301st Machine Gun Bn 76th Machine Gun Bn
G 301st Field Artillery
H 302nd Field Artillery
I 303rd Field Artillery
K 317th Field Signal Bn 212th Field Signal Bn
L 317th Telegraph Bn
M 76th Headqrs Tn - Mil Police 12th Headqrs Tn - Mil Police
N 301st Sanitary Train 12th Sanitary Train
O 301st Ammunition Train
MAIN GATE
TO AYER
BASE HOSPITAL
REVISED PLAN
UNITED STATES CANTONMENT
AYER MASSACHUSETTS
CAMP DEVENS, MASSACHUSETTS
showing
AREAS OCCUPIED BY ORGANIZATIONS
of
76TH DIVISION AND 12TH DIVISION
Scale in Feet

THE OFFICIAL MAP OF THE CAMP, SHOWING AREAS OCCUPIED BY EACH ORGANIZATION

It Didn't Take Long to Erect Buildings. One Minute They Were Just Starting to Build and Almost the Next Minute

The Building Was Practically Completed

CIVILIANS THIS MORNING—SOLDIERS THIS AFTERNOON

The Selective Service men got rousing farewells as they left for camp

more than 25 miles of sewer and water pipe—all of it buried under ground—had laid more than 400 miles of electric wiring —both light and telephone—had built nearly 20 miles of fine granolithic road, had dug a well of some 3,000,000 gallons capacity and had installed some 2,200 shower baths. They had used up 34,000,000 square feet of lumber, and tons of nails and other building material, and the camp was ready for New England's first contingent of recruits.

When 1,000 officers, graduates of the Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburg, New York, arrived at Camp Devens one week ahead of the first five per cent of men to be called, they were so amazed at the vastness of the place that they didn't get over it for days. They found, to be exact, 199 company barracks, 74 officers' barracks, 300 large and small lavatories, ten regimental headquarters buildings, a large double divisional headquarters building, ten quartermaster storehouses, 15 medical buildings, three light and one heavy artillery buildings, 41 company storehouses, a refrigerating plant; post-office buildings, bakery, hospital buildings, fire stations, garages, stables, guardhouses, religious and recreational buildings and other detached structures enough to fill several pages.

As soon as the buildings mentioned above had been completed, many of the civilian army that had built them began to depart. But for months afterwards laborers and carpenters and steam fitters and engineers were still there, working incessantly, even while troops were training all around them. And they built and built until today Camp Devens is composed of more than 4,000 buildings and more than 50,000 men can be accommodated within its confines.

The speed of these workmen caused even Captain Edward A. Canfield, construction quartermaster for the Government, to marvel. Eight weeks before the first men arrived at the camp there seemed to be just a little doubt in the mind of the captain as to the feasibility of the undertaking in so short a time. And this was only natural, inasmuch as it had never

been done or even attempted before. Just before the first recruits arrived Captain Canfield cited to newspaper men, as an example of the speed with which the buildings were erected, the case of the hospital buildings, which were built at the rate of one every 40 minutes. The hospital was planned to accommodate 1,600 bed patients.

When the thousand Plattsburg graduates, who were to command the first of New England's National Army, arrived they were lost almost as soon as they entered the cantonment. Besides themselves and the 9,000 odd workmen and a few hundred other troops on duty at the cantonment there were about 12,000 people on the grounds, but it seemed as though there was a man only here and there.

But while New England people were interested in the size of the camp and all the wonderful details concerning its construction, what they were more interested in were the conditions under which their sons and husbands and brothers and sweethearts and friends were going to live. They were gratified when they found out. The enlisted men found two-story wooden, sheathed buildings waiting for them. The upper story was a large dormitory room, without partitions, in which the iron cots for the whole company were ranged side by side in long rows. Each man was given a certain amount of floor space as well as air space for his own, and inspectors saw to it that each man had all that was coming to him. There were to be no congested sleeping quarters.

The lower floor, they found, was divided into two long rooms, one a mess hall with long tables and benches and a big serving counter at the far end, and the other a living or assembly room, suitable for gatherings of different sorts, for lectures or study or recreation. Altogether they were by far the most comfortable army quarters any one had ever seen provided for men who were going into field service.

Outside of each barrack building was a lavatory building, containing modern shower baths and toilet arrangements, with

running hot and cold water. The floor was of cement, and in the center of each building was a big boiler which provided the hot water and also kept the place warm, making a comfortable bath possible.

The officers' quarters were one-story buildings, long and narrow, with kitchen and mess hall at one end. Along each side of the center hall running through the buildings were the bedrooms, about eight feet by twelve, one for each officer.

When the camp was first opened the heating arrangements had not been installed, but they were not yet necessary. Later, however, and before the real cold weather came, more than 20 central heating plants were built to provide steam heat for every building in the camp. Instead of running the steam pipes under ground they were run over head, each pipe having an outer covering, with an air space between. There was some question in the minds of many as to whether this scheme would work. But it did work perfectly, and on the coldest days in winter the barracks were warm enough to satisfy the most delicate.

And there were electric lights in abundance. Alas for the blazing camp-fires of our imaginations, around which tired soldiers huddled and scrawled letters to us at home! Each building was as brilliantly lighted as almost any public building to be found in a large city. The transforming station, located just across the state road from the cantonment, received 66,000 volts from the Connecticut Valley Power and Lighting Company and then "stepped it down" to the required voltage.

The water for the cantonment came from the largest dug well in New England, some 50 feet in circumference and 45 feet deep. It was sunk on the side of a hill of water-bearing gravel, a mile and a half from the center of the cantonment. From the well the water was pumped into huge tanks and from the tanks it was run through California redwood pipes—a new thing in New England—used because it could be secured more

quickly than metal pipes. It was said to give perfectly satisfactory use up to ten years.

Through the underground maze of pipes, gridironed all over the cantonment, the water was pumped to four tanks of 100,000 gallons capacity each, located on a hill at the other end of the cantonment, so that with these tanks full at one end and the pumping station at the other end of the water system there was good pressure all the time.

And three fire-fighting companies were organized almost as soon as the buildings began to spring up. Lookouts were stationed on several hills around the camp, continually scanning the horizon through field glasses. It was not proposed to have this cantonment destroyed by fire, either through accident or enemy design, if precautions could prevent it. The first companies were officered by Chief Arthur H. Strong of Springfield, Massachusetts, and Lieutenant W. H. Kirk, for thirty years in the fire department at Worcester, Massachusetts.

The hospital was erected on a hill at the northwest corner of the cantonment area, a mile and a half from the infantry section, near the old Shirley turnpike and overlooking the Nashua River. Major G. I. Jones was the first officer in charge. Here were placed 1,600 beds scattered through 59 ward buildings. And there was an isolation ward, an orthopedic ward, a neuro-psychiatric ward, operating rooms, laboratories, and pretty nearly every kind of modern convenience and luxury to be found in any large city hospital, with this besides—a glorious pine grove with the best view of the cantonment, where convalescents could spend their time while they were recovering their strength.

Scientific sanitation was insisted upon by the Government officers from the very beginning. They condemned numberless springs, ordered change after change in the living arrangements for the workmen, and observed every possible precaution against disease and infection. The cantonment seemed a flyless, mosquitoless, insectless expanse. Everyone spoke of

the healthy, natural conditions, with the dry, sandy location, and what nature didn't look after the sanitary workers did. A Sanitary Detachment from the Regular Army—three hundred officers and men from Fort Benjamin Harrison—worked day and night making the New England cantonment the healthiest spot in New England.

Another advance guard that arrived before the hosts of New England's fighting men descended on the camp was the school for cooks and bakers, for from the outset Uncle Sam decided to have his the best-fed army in the world. Three hundred men with some experience in hotel and restaurant cooking, who joined the Regular Army, were sent to camp for instruction under Sergeant R. W. McAuley and J. Henry Ham, a former Boston hotel chef. They, too, were ready when the men began to arrive.

In the lines of quartermaster storehouses, beside the miles of railroad tracks built for the cantonment, were tons and tons of provisions for both the inner and outer man. There was clothing enough for an army and food enough for several armies. Everything was in readiness, even to the officers.

And how New England rejoiced when announcement was made that a New England officer was to head this modern division that we were called upon to provide! He was Major-General Harry Foote Hodges, Boston born, of an old and brilliant New England family, the "map maker of the Panama Canal"; he was considered by those in the service one of the brainiest engineering officers in the entire army, quiet, reserved and attending to just one thing all the time—his job.

General Hodges' staff was of the same caliber. Lieutenant-Colonel Merch B. Stewart was Chief of Staff, Major Jonathan M. Wainwright, Assistant Chief of Staff; Captain Arthur F. Brown, Intelligence Officer; Major Harry L. Hodges (no relation to the general), Adjutant; Captain Theodore E. Burleigh, Assistant Adjutant; Lieutenant-Colonel H. F. Dalton, Quartermaster; Major Austin M. Pardee, Inspector; Lieutenant-

Colonel E. K. Massee, Judge Advocate; Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. Hanner, Surgeon; Major J. L. Siner, Sanitary Inspector; Major George M. Peek, Ordnance Officer, and Major Charles A. Lewis, Signal Officer.

This was the brilliant Headquarters Staff of what became the 76th Division, National Army, U. S. A.

Other officers, including four brigadier-generals were also there, temporarily attached to Headquarters. But they were merely awaiting the arrival of the men who were to make up New England's first National Army Division. Later they organized and commanded brigades.

Chapter III

HOW THE DRAFT WORKED

Bright and clear dawned the morning of September 5, 1917—that historic day on which the first of New England's fighting hosts left their homes for the great adventure. They had been preceded, of course, by the National Guard men, but these did not go to Camp Devens, and besides, they were more than half soldiers before Uncle Sam ever entered the World War.

It would be futile to attempt a description of the feelings of the people of New England on that day. It marked the beginning of many partings, of many heartaches and of much sorrow and care and anxiety, but also of unbounded pride and patriotism and joy of service. Not a city, town nor village in the six New England States but what gave up at least one of its sons on that day. And they were all headed in one direction—Camp Devens.

In the larger places thousands turned out and gave these lads a rousing send-off, lasting in most cases from the headquarters of the draft board to the railroad tracks at the station. Of course there were tears, but for the most part the Yankee spirit—that indomitable fighting quality that was to strike blind terror to the heart of the Hun—predominated, and our mothers and sisters and sweethearts sent their loved ones away with a smile.

To Maine—the Pine Tree State—belongs the credit of having the first man report for duty in the National Army at Camp Devens. Ernest Glenwood of Perry, Maine, was the first man to have his name recorded by the receiving officers, and he was followed by Hazen Hoar of Calais.

There were but 91 men in all from Maine to report as the "first five per cent," and they started for Devens on the night

of September 4. They came the farthest and they reached camp first, Maine thereby beating the rest of New England and northern New York State in getting men into the service. The contingent arrived at Ayer before daylight on September 5, having come in on the Bar Harbor Express to New York. They occupied two special cars, which were dropped from the train at Ayer and the men were allowed to sleep until 7 o'clock, when they "turned out" and started their two-mile hike to the cantonment.

And so it was that, very early in the morning, just three months after it had started with the registration on June 5, the draft machinery produced at Camp Devens the first recruits of New England's Division of the National Army. As faithfully as they had walked into the polling places on registration day to give their names to the Government, and with no more display of feeling, the New England boys walked into the cantonment and gave themselves to the Government.

It all went on so smoothly, so easily, so quietly, the arrival of these first few hundred, that it was hard to realize that only the night before had President Wilson said "Come," and that this morning the boys had walked out of their homes and said "Here."

"Who met you at the station when you arrived?" some one asked these young huskies.

"Jack Frost," came the grave reply.

It was impossible to miss a guess as to what part of New England that cheerful, hearty drawl was raised in.

Soon a lieutenant, looking bright and dapper in his new uniform, appeared at the station and took the "rookies" in hand. He was the first representative of the force that was to control their military destinies that they had seen, and they regarded him gravely and with interest. At his direction they fell quickly into line, two by two, and headed for the cantonment, led by the officer and a mounted orderly.

"You're in the army now," called an old-fashioned New

MAJOR-GENERAL HARRY F. HODGES

Commander of the 76th Division

HEADQUARTERS STAFF, 76TH DIVISION

Front row, left to right: Major Briggs, Major Siner, Major Wainwright, Colonel Dalton, Brigadier-General McDonald of Washington, Major-General Hodges, Colonel Stewart, Colonel Croft, Colonel Powell, Major Peek, Major Lewis, Major Burleigh

Back row, left to right: Lieutenant Deming, Captain Hiller, Major Schock, Major Foote, Captain Lindsay, Major Neil, Captain Moore, Captain Williamson, Captain Cowgill, Captain English, Captain Warner, Lieutenant Bean, Captain Macdonald, Lieutenant Shanley

The Last Walk Through the Home Town as Civilians

And the First Formation at Camp Devens as Soldiers

Any Difference in the Appearance?

BRIGADIER-GENERAL F. H. ALLBRIGHT
Commanding 151st Infantry Brigade

Photo by Bachrach, Boston

BRIGADIER-GENERAL F. D. EVANS
Commanding 152d Infantry Brigade

England housewife from her doorstep, and she waved her broom at these lads marching by.

"Yes ma'am," answered Maine cheerfully, and continued on his way whistling.

Not twenty persons saw this long thin line of men plough its way through a mile of dust and sand to the cantonment entrance, but there they were greeted with three ringing cheers from the First Massachusetts Engineers, formerly the First Corps of Cadets and later the 101st Engineers of the famous Yankee Division. That was the only organized greeting they got, and they weren't quite certain whether "rookies" should cheer back, so they didn't. They just smiled instead, and their spirits leaped even higher.

Brigadier-General F. D. Evans and Major Rhinelander Waldo, ex-police commissioner of New York, were in charge of some 200 officers who handled the registration of the first recruits. And these were recruits to delight the heart of any officer with an eye for promising material. For all their travel-worn, unshaved faces, their unmilitary garb, their glorious mixture of old suits and old hats, old suit cases and paper bundles and boxes, there was strength in their bodies and spirit in their eyes that showed through everything.

Little wooden "box offices"—one for each of the six New England States and New York State—were set up just inside the cantonment entrance. Each man bore a card he had brought with him from his draft board at home. One by one they gave these cards to an officer and then waited until groups of eight were ready to be marched away to other buildings inside the camp.

The Massachusetts quota followed the Maine men early in the forenoon. Few contingents in this first day's arrivals were of more than 10 or 12 men. Off to the barracks they went to be assigned to companies, to see the surgeons, to get their uniforms and to spend their first day in the ranks of the new National Army.

Shortly following the arrival of the first small detachment of Massachusetts men came about 100 men from Connecticut. These were followed by 111 men from Rhode Island, nicely squaded together under the command of an ex-service man who had decided to get in again with the National Army lads. New Hampshire men were in before dark and they were followed by the contingent from Vermont, which didn't get in until after 10 o'clock in the evening.

There was one feature connected with the entry into the service of these men that didn't prove popular. It was the tag they wore in their buttonholes. Only about half the men who came in on the first day arrived with their tags hanging from their coats. Others had taken them off and either carried them in their hands or had them tied to their bundles. The idea of being "tagged like so many prize oxen" didn't set well on the stomachs of these young huskies and they didn't hesitate to let it be known.

Much to their gratification these men found that the officer-enlisted man barrier wasn't anything like what they had imagined it would be. There were a number of cases during the first day when "rookies," just arrived, recognized friends and former classmates among the officers at the receiving booths. And the officers made the first advances—an outstretched hand and hearty smile and greeting. The "rookies" hadn't learned to salute yet, so they just showed their gladness in a manly, friendly way, and the officers were just as friendly.

For that's the kind of an army it was. The West Pointers may have warned the Plattsburgers against fraternization with the men or they may not. At any rate the Plattsburgers just used horse sense, and by so doing they got better results than many of the "Pointers." It certainly looked like a democratic army that first day.

And when you start the story of what the first arrivals did during their first day in camp it is almost necessary to start

telling the description of the cantonment all over again. It seemed as though every person in New England wanted to see it. If they didn't have a friend or a loved one already there they wanted at least to see how completely American emergency speed measures had tamed more than 10,000 acres of rough countryside into a military city.

Besides being interested in the cantonment itself, all New England—and most of all the men who expected to be sent to Camp Devens—were interested in what was happening to the recruits who were among the first to go into the service. For, with very few exceptions, the military life was as so much Greek to Yankee folks.

In general here is what happened to every one of the 40,000 men who were sent to Camp Devens in the first draft. This was the program outlined by Colonel Arthur S. Conklin, commander of the 303d Field Artillery, who acted as commander of the 151st Field Artillery Brigade during the early days of the cantonment.

The day of his arrival the recruit was met at the Ayer station by a detail of officers from the camp. It didn't make any difference whether he came alone or in a large party, the officers were always there, and it was simple enough to make known the fact that the cantonment was the destination sought.

"What state do you come from?" was the first question asked a man by the United States Army. Then, on foot or by motor truck, the recruit was taken to the cantonment gate.

There he found seven little wooden booths. On each of the first six was a big sign bearing the name of one of the New England States and the seventh was labeled New York State. The recruit picked out his home state box office and presented his draft card to the officer on duty inside. Immediately the officer stated which regiment or separate unit the recruit would be assigned to, and another officer or non-commissioned officer took the recruit in hand and conducted him to his barracks.

Before he was sent into his barrack building he was shunted

off to a field ambulance, which was set up in a field nearby, where a detail of army doctors examined him for evidences of pink eye, diphtheria, and other things that were not popular with the army authorities.

Following this superficial examination the recruit entered the barrack building, which was to be his temporary home, at least. He proceeded through a room in which half a dozen or more officers were seated at tables covered with papers. It was much like going through a large tailoring establishment, for the recruit was passed from one group to another, each group taking measurements of his body. This was to find out what size uniform would be required for the particular recruit in question, and the ordeal, if such it may be called, took about ten minutes.

After the measuring process the recruit was guided to a room upstairs. Here it seemed as though the captain in charge tried to see how many questions he could ask. This was to determine just what each man's education, trade or professional experience, natural adaptabilities and prowess in half a hundred different lines fitted him for in army life. All the answers "personal history," so called—were carefully recorded for reference.

Then, if it wasn't time for "chow," as the recruits soon learned to call their meals, came the business of getting a strong iron and wire cot and placing it beside the others in the company dormitory to which the recruit had been assigned. After that the recruit went to more army doctors in the regimental infirmary, where a thorough physical examination, inside and out, was made.

Meanwhile the officers in the "measuring room" had made out their lists of the uniforms needed right away and big motor trucks had roared off in the direction of the quartermaster storehouses, returning very shortly with everything in the line of clothing that a soldier could possibly require. The few hundred uniforms and kits drawn the first day didn't even

amount to a nibble at the vast store Uncle Sam had laid in for these New England men.

Then came the actual transformation, for which almost every man had been waiting from the moment he entered the cantonment gates. The recruit was handed his uniform, his underclothing, shoes, socks—everything—and repaired with his fellows to the latrine at the rear of the barracks. Off came the old "civies," and every man went under the shower bath, for bathing was a popular pastime in that National Army of ours. After the shower the uniform, and these new-made soldiers stood regarding each other with grins—sometimes embarrassed, but more often rather proud.

With the donning of the uniform there seemed to come something more than a physical transformation. Was there a straightening of those already straight shoulders? Was there a new brightness in the eye, a squaring of the jaw? There was. And that was the mental, or, if you prefer it, the spiritual transformation. For these men the war had begun, and they were in it; in it up to their eyes and with all the ardor of their high young spirits and the strength of their vigorous young bodies.

That was about all for the first day. They had supper. Then they hung around the barrack rooms, in some cases receiving talks from men scarce older than themselves, but men who had gone through the training mill and were now army officers. Then to their beds: clean sacks filled with plenty of fresh, clean straw, and warm army blankets.

At midnight of September 5, 1917, there were 510 New England men in the National Army cantonment at Ayer, the first five per cent of New England's first contribution to the wartime armies of America.

And before they slept that night most of them had obeyed the first order that was issued from that mysterious place known as Division Headquarters, up on the hill at the far end of the camp. That order was a brief one. Its wording was, "Write home."

It is of interest to note some of the first men to reach Camp Devens and report for duty. As has already been written Ernest Glenwood of Perry, Maine, was the first of all the New Englanders to report. Hazen Hoar of Calais was the second Maine man. John B. Murphy of Fitchburg was the first Massachusetts man to come in, and Herbert G. Frolander of Providence was the first man to report from "Little Rhody." The records do not show who came first from Connecticut, New Hampshire or Vermont.

These lads were not thrown into camp on one day and then taken out the next, given a gun and ordered to "dig into it." Speed was essential, but the military authorities well knew that a short time was necessary in order for the men to get acclimated, so it was ordered that the actual training should not begin until the sixth day.

But while they did not receive any actual military instruction, many of the things that every good soldier must know were taught them on their second day in camp. After breakfast, which was at 6: 30—and there were many of those first men to arrive in camp who would have hooted the idea of even getting up at that hour before they jumped into the army—they were shown how to "police up" their quarters, to arrange their effects neatly and in a uniform manner. Then they started tidying up the area surrounding their barracks. From 9: 30 until 11: 30 they were taken on walking tours around the cantonment, and after a few of these the most of them felt that they were beginning to know something about the physical characteristics of the place. At noon they had dinner and then, until 3 o'clock, they spent their time fixing up their equipment. From 3 to 4 they took another walk for exercise and instruction. These walks did much to "harden them up," though many of the "rookies" only realized it later.

At 4 in the afternoon they were advised to become acquainted with the shower baths again, for—and it was impressed upon them again—bathing was to be a habit as well

at a sanitary duty. At 5: 30 they had supper, and in the evening more letters home, more talks by officers and more "getting acquainted" with their "buddies." Taps and bed time came at 10 o'clock. The program for the next few days differed from this but slightly, and by that time the men were "jes' r'arin' t' go," and real military drill and the school of the soldier looked mighty desirable.

Chapter IV

THE 76TH DIVISION IS ORGANIZED

Friday morning, the day after the first New Englanders arrived in camp, came an announcement from Division Headquarters that tickled these new soldiers as nothing had since they got into the army. And it pleased the home folks just as much. Men from the same localities throughout New England were to be placed in the same outfits, insofar as it was possible, and on the heels of this information came the table of organization for the 76th National Army Division.

As the table of organization was announced, the name of each unit was followed by the names of the places from which the men making up each outfit would be selected. The table read as follows:

301st Infantry—which later became known as Boston's Own Regiment: Boston, Brookline, Cambridge, Chelsea, Everett, Winthrop.

302d Infantry—also an all-Massachusetts outfit: Milton, Rockland, East Bridgewater, Plymouth, North Attleboro, Braintree, North Easton, Fairhaven, Sagamore, New Bedford, Fall River, Taunton, Norwood, Franklin, Framingham, Quincy, Newton.

303d Infantry: Eastern New York State.

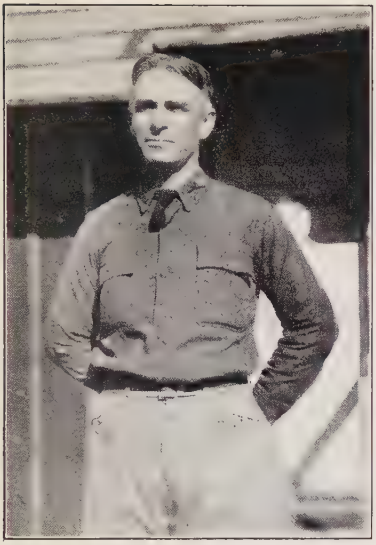
304th Infantry: Connecticut.

301st Field Artillery—another all-Massachusetts unit: Arlington, Belmont, Concord, Melrose, Stoneham, Peabody, Waltham, Somerville, Malden, Medford, Lynn, Salem, Marblehead, Beverly.

Batteries A, B and C, 302d Field Artillery: Vermont.

Batteries D, E and F, 302d Field Artillery: Connecticut.

Batteries A, B and C, 303d (Heavy) Field Artillery: Maine.



Colonel Frank Tompkins
301st Infantry

Colonel Charles C. Smith
302d Infantry

Colonel J. F. Preston
303d Infantry

Colonel J. S. Herron
304th Infantry

Colonel G. M. Brooke
301st Field Artillery

Photo by Bachrach, Boston

Colonel A. S. Conklin
303d Field Artillery

Colonel F. A. Pope
301st Engineers

Colonel H. P. Perry
Depot Brigade

Brigadier-General William Weigel
Commanding 151st Depot Brigade

Brigadier-General W. S. McNair
Commanding 151st Artillery Brigade

LT.-COL. MERCH STEWART

LT.-COL. MASSEE

LT.-COL. CROFT

MAJ. WAINWRIGHT

CHAP. GEO. O'CONOR

MAJ. HODGES

MAJ. MUSGRAVE

MAJ. WEISCOPF

CAPT. HARROWER

Batteries D, E and F, 303d (Heavy) Field Artillery: New Hampshire.

301st Trench Mortar Battery: Connecticut.

301st Machine Gun Battalion: Connecticut.

302d Machine Gun Battalion—all-Massachusetts outfit: Gloucester, Ipswich, Newburyport, Tewksbury, Haverhill.

303d Machine Gun Battalion: Connecticut.

301st Engineers: Rhode Island.

301st Field Signal Battalion: Largely from Lawrence, Massachusetts, with some college men placed in certain companies.

301st Supply Train: Brockton and Fitchburg, Massachusetts.

301st Engineer Train: Uxbridge, Massachusetts.

301st Ammunition Train: Worcester, Maynard, Hudson, Milford (all Massachusetts).

Headquarters Train and Military Police: Gardner, Southbridge, Leominster (all Massachusetts).

Headquarters Troop: Lowell, Massachusetts.

1st Battalion, 151st Depot Brigade: New York State.

2d and 3d Battalions, 151st Depot Brigade: Connecticut.

4th, 5th and 6th Battalions, 151st Depot Brigade: North Adams, Adams, Lee, Deerfield, Northampton, Westfield, Wilbraham, Northfield, Ware, Brookfield, Winchendon, Springfield, Chicopee, Pittsfield, Holyoke (all Massachusetts).

Later it was necessary to make a few changes in this table, but for the most part that is how the first outfit to be trained at Camp Devens lined up as regards localities. And this arrangement added much to the spirit of the men. They were, for the most part, among their own folks—the boys they knew and had grown up with. It helped a lot.

Commanding Infantry Brigades of this new Division were Brigadier-General F. H. Allbright, commander of the 151st Infantry Brigade, which was composed of the 301st and 302d Regiments of Infantry and the 302d Machine Gun Battalion,

and Brigadier-General F. D. Evans, commander of the 152d Infantry Brigade, which included the 303d and 304th Regiments of Infantry and the 303d Machine Gun Battalion.

Colonel Frank Tompkins, who was wounded while chasing Villa into Mexico, and who prior to that had been military instructor at Norwich University, was given command of the Boston Regiment, the 301st Infantry. He had as second in command Lieutenant-Colonel Percy W. Arnold, who was later killed in France.

The 302d Infantry was commanded by Colonel C. C. Smith, and Lieutenant-Colonel Charles A. Romeyn was second in command.

Colonel J. F. Preston was given command of the 303d Infantry, and Lieutenant-Colonel G. W. Stuart was his second.

Colonel J. S. Herron commanded the Connecticut Regiment —the 304th Infantry—and as his lieutenant-colonel he had W. G. Doane.

The 151st Artillery Brigade was given to Brigadier-General William S. McNair, who was later to become a major-general when he got to France. In his brigade he had the 301st Field Artillery, commanded by Colonel George M. Brooke, with Lieutenant-Colonel N. B. Rehkopf next in command; the 302d Field Artillery, commanded by Colonel Daniel F. Craig, with Lieutenant-Colonel Robert M. Danford as second, and the 303d Field Artillery—the "heavies"—commanded by Colonel Arthur S. Conklin, with Lieutenant-Colonel F. W. Stopford second. The 301st Engineers were commanded by Colonel F. A. Pope and F. B. Downing was lieutenant-colonel. Colonel George H. Estes commanded the Headquarters Train and Military Police.

The 151st Depot Brigade, which was something new for most of us, and as to the duties of which we were not very clear, was commanded by Brigadier-General William Weigel, who also became a major-general after reaching France, where he com-

manded a division of his own. We found out soon after the Depot Brigade was organized that its function was to train men and have them in readiness to fill up the ranks of the division when those ranks became depleted in battle. This put as much enthusiasm into the men assigned to the Depot Brigade as to the men of the division proper, and strangely enough many of the Depot Brigade men got to France weeks ahead of the men in the division.

From September 5 on, men continued to arrive almost every day. On the night of September 6 there were about 1,000 New England men in camp. The state of Maine men, who were the first to arrive, had learned how to salute; just about everybody had attended a free movie show in the Y. M. C. A. building, and many of the messes had made the acquaintance of the army baked bean. So things were apparently running smoothly.

Day by day this army continued to grow. On Saturday night, September 8, it was stated that there were 2,018 men safely in camp, and the first reports of the doctors who gave these men their real physical examinations showed that, for the most part, the men selected by the local draft boards for active service were a husky, healthy lot. There were some cases of colossal stupidity or laziness or ignorance, but they were the exceptions. From some of the Boston draft boards came men who were actually cripples. One man had only one hand and some of the fingers were missing on that. Another man had only one eye, and one chap was so near death from heart disease that the doctors ordered that he be rushed back to his home as quickly as possible.

When one draft board responsible for sending these men away from their jobs and their homes was asked for an explanation they stated that they "thought we wanted an army and surely something could be found for these men to do." It was explained to them that we wanted an army, but it must be an army of fighting men, not of invalids, and so after a while the boards found that they were only making more work for

themselves by sending such men, as others had to be sent afterward to replace those found unfit.

These men who were unfit did not begin to show up until larger portions of the quota were called, for out of the first 1,500 men to be sent to camp only six were found unfit for service.

But any one who saw the crowd of visitors at Devens that first Sunday would have thought that at least an Army Corps must have been in camp there. Though there were only a little more than 2,000 men in camp it was estimated that the visitors exceeded 60,000. There was no way of telling just how many people came, of course, but the guards at the main entrance declared that over 20,000 automobiles passed through the gates and then passed out again.

New England had turned out in force to see her sons. Among the vast throng were many who had dear ones at the camp already, but there were thousands more who didn't know a soul in the whole vast expanse of the cantonment, though many expected to have men of their own blood there before long. From early morning until late afternoon they came, from every corner of New England and eastern New York State; they came by train, by automobile and by trolley.

Even the advance guard of this multitude, however, missed one of the most impressive sights New England had ever seen. It happened just after dawn. Several hundred American doughboys—for such our men became as soon as they donned Uncle Sam's uniform—knelt reverently in the dew and listened to early Mass by Reverend Father Thomas McGinn of St. Mary's Church in Ayer. Father McGinn later became post chaplain of the camp, but on that Sunday morning he was just a priest without any army connection.

And from this came a "first message" that echoed the true spirit of New England, for he told them that they should have but one thought in their hearts and souls: to do their duty to their country.

"No matter how hard the orders of the officers may seem," said this gentle clergyman, "gaze upon the Cross and gaze upon the flag, and carry the orders out. You have given up the avocations of peace; you have left them for the service of a soldier. Let your constant thought be of 'My Jesus and my country.' "

And besides seeing the camp, the thousands of visitors who came there that first Sunday wanted to find out just what the "rookies" thought of the army. They didn't know whether the men's mail was subject to the critical eye of a censor before it left the cantonment or not. We were very green about military matters during those first days. And it was quite droll to see a serious-looking civilian edge cautiously up to an obviously green recruit and ask, "What do you *really* think of it all?"

Of course there were some complaints, but those who had been agreeably surprised more than offset the number who would not have been satisfied with anything.

"I wouldn't leave this blinkety-blanked, cross-dashed army for money now," declared one healthy-looking specimen from New Haven, Connecticut. It was hard to make some people believe that anybody actually said that, but he truly did, and furthermore he appeared to mean it.

His enthusiasm was one extreme, of course, just as the reply of a Dorchester, Massachusetts, boy showed the other extreme:

"How is it going?"

"Well, you know how it is; I don't have to say anything."

The remarks betwixt and between were the ones that told the true temper of these new soldiers. Like this one from a Providence, Rhode Island, youngster, who was still clad in blue serge trousers, though the remainder of his apparel was regulation. A newspaper man shot the usual, "How is it going?" at him. He turned and smiled, "Going! It 's coming —*fast!*" and he went chasing away after it, happy as a freshman dazed with new surroundings.

And it was on this busy Sunday that a detachment of men from New Hampshire, headed by F. N. Beckwith, mayor of the city of Dover, arrived. The fact that this mayor had scorned to accept the exemption from service he might easily have had indicates pretty accurately the spirit of these men. With Mayor Beckwith were five other New Hampshire men—Maurice E. Hale, J. E. McCarthy and H. V. Clark, all of Dover also; H. W. Robbins of Somersworth, and Alfred E. Lemire of Rochester, were the other two.

Many of the men from Boston and other cities and towns near the cantonment, who had already spent two and three days in the army, were granted their first army "leave," and went to their homes for the day, and with what these men told the home folks about the big camp at Ayer and what the thousands of visitors saw for themselves, Devens became pretty well known to us almost in a flash, and we began to appreciate something of what was going on almost at our doorsteps.

The plan announced when the first recruits began to arrive, to the effect that actual military instruction would not be begun until the sixth day, was not rigidly adhered to, as much because the men themselves "wouldn't stand for the delay" as for any other reason. On the Monday following the first visitors' day (September 9), the New England men started their military education.

Calisthenic exercises in the early morning, exercises that sent the blood leaping through those fine young bodies, got them all on edge, and that very morning they asked to be taught "something about this game as long as we're here." So, beginning at the very bottom, they did start. It was only marching, in platoons and squads, for there weren't enough in each company barracks to allow for even a skeletonized company formation, but it was a start, and the men appreciated it.

On Monday, too, 24 instructors arrived from the School of Artillery Fire at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, and they started right in

with the men who had been assigned to the artillery regiments. These instructors made the men feel that they were really getting down to business.

And so it looked to those who were only observing what was going on. For, though the thought of France was far away from the minds of most of the new men, up at Division Headquarters there were indications that officers were looking into the future. Lieutenant W. W. Cowgill, aide-de-camp to General Hodges, the division commander, was given a very significant duty to perform in addition to his others. He had huge maps of the many and various European war theaters, marked with every last detail of the country along the front. The positions of the various armies were also indicated minutely with colored pins. And each day the changes in the positions, as reported officially from the War Department, were marked out again and these changes studied long and carefully. Some day, perhaps, this skeleton of a big fighting machine would be "grown up," and would be holding a position on one of those fronts. And when that day came the machine was going to be *ready*.

Chapter V

"IN THE ARMY NOW!"

September 11, just six days after the first of these new soldiers had arrived at camp, is a day which none of them will ever forget. They had received farewells and many admonitions from their own folks at home. They had read of how President Wilson marched at the head of the first detachment of National Army men to leave the city of Washington for the training camps, and they had likewise read the President's message to the men of our Nation, when they started out for this new adventure. But, on September 11, the New England men in Camp Devens saw for the first time officially and most of them for the first time actually, the man who commanded them and under whose command they were to go to France. He was Major-General Harry F. Hodges.

And with General Hodges, on this occasion, was Governor Samuel W. McCall of Massachusetts. The governor of the Bay State had come to Devens to say a few words, not only to Massachusetts men, but to the men of all the New England States, and to give them personally the greetings of that Commonwealth.

The occasion of Governor McCall's visit was also the first for the gathering together of the New England men who had come into the cantonment, and, while there were only about 2,200 of them in all, to the amateur it seemed men enough for a whole army. Semicircled in a little slice of what was later the main parade field, ankle and knee deep in stubble and bushes, with the workmen's rough shacks for a foreground and the barren barracks rising on Infantry Hill as a background, these lads stood for more than an hour, before the little line of

automobiles bearing the governor and the general and their respective staffs arrived at 5: 15.

Standing there in the fading daylight, scarce more than half of them fully clad in the uniform of the country for which they were offering their all, these men heard the Chief Executive of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts tell them that they represented "the physical prime of the normal American, the hopes and the aspirations and the ideals of America," phrasing just what their own officers and the visitors to the camp had been thinking ever since the magnitude of the task before the country hit them full in the heart with its beginning the week before.

Almost before the line of motor vehicles had stopped, however, Major-General Hodges, who was riding with Governor McCall, was on his feet in the tonneau of their machine. His first verbal greeting to his men was brief. Looking at this little group with pride he said:

Men of the 76th Division, you are having the first military experience in your history on the soil of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the Old Bay State. You are honored today by the presence of the Chief Executive of that Commonwealth, who has come to bid you welcome.

That was all he said. The men received his brief message as soldiers; in silence, but they were gratified, nevertheless, even to have seen this man who was to lead them through the primary stages of their military experience and to know at least what he looked like.

Governor McCall's message to them was not so brief, and it was of such a nature as to "warm them all up inside" and make them feel that their own folks were really behind them. Said the governor:

I welcome you most heartily to this state. I welcome you as the advance guard of the new National Army. I congratulate you upon being under the command of General Hodges, your chief instructor, a man who has been a professor at our Military Academy at West Point and has himself graduated from that institution, a man who has won distinction and high honors through regular grades of promotion to major-general of the army.

We are taking different methods, this year, of raising our armies than have been taken from the beginning of our Republic. Instead of appealing for enlistments the Government makes the selection. The country calls you to come to her help. Never before in this country nor in this world has a more democratic army resulted than this National Army will be. You represent the ideal of America, and we cannot say more for any army.

I don't desire to use the word "class," for we have no classes in democratic America. We have abolished the hyphen. You may have your origin in some foreign country in Europe, but, despite that, you represent our Republic and you represent the American people as a whole.

Men, I feel sure you will continue to represent them and, if called upon to act, will remember the history of this country and make your actions worthy of it.

Then the governor sat down. The men hadn't cheered General Hodges, but they began to applaud the governor before he stopped speaking and by their applause they showed that the sentiments he had expressed were their sentiments and that they would see to it that all he had spoken of was accomplished. Immediately following the governor's speech, the men were marched off the field, and the men from Maine and New Hampshire had what, in most instances, was their first glimpse of the governor of the state in which they were receiving their military training.

These men were really getting down to brass tacks by now. Their preliminary training, or what should more properly be called the "hardening up" process, was progressing rapidly, and at the end of their first week at Camp Devens most of the men felt as though they had been in the army for months.

And they were beginning to realize that, although they were away from their home and loved ones, people still cared a great deal about them and their welfare. They had the Y. M. C. A. and other welfare organizations with them always, and then the regimental funds were started. It was the 301st Infantry that first announced the formation of a regimental fund, and it was accomplished through the efforts of Major Edward (Pete) Bowditch, he of Harvard football fame. Major Bowditch announced within a week of the opening of the camp that

a friend of his had already advanced the sum of $8,000 as a starter on the regimental fund, and that the fund would start to grow on that.

These regimental funds and what they were to be used for were little known to the men at this time, but later they were to be much better known and appreciated, for they grew into thousands and thousands of dollars, and many a man had things in the army that he could not possibly have had had it not been for the regimental and company funds.

On the day following the visit of Governor McCall, Governor Henry W. Keyes of New Hampshire made his appearance, coming to see the men of the Granite State who were already in the army. Governor Keyes, who was a crew man in his Harvard days, was accompanied by his two brothers, George T. and Charles W. Keyes. He went straight to Division Headquarters, where he told General Hodges and the newspaper men that his state had in view steps to be taken for the welfare of New Hampshire boys in the 76th Division, adding that New Hampshire would do as much for her men as any other state would do for hers.

Soon after their arrival these New England youngsters, who were so willing to offer their lives for their country, got a distinct shock. Orders came through from the War Department, when only five per cent of New England's first quota was in camp, that a special company was to be formed in the 151st Depot Brigade to house the conscientious objectors drafted into the service. This word immediately started a hunt among the men, by the men themselves, for these objectors who were not willing to fight for democracy.

In the first five per cent not an objector was found, and the vanguard of the division began to prepare for any of the "yellow bellies" who might later make their appearance. And if any of these individuals could have heard the "midnight opera" that followed the orders to prepare for their coming, they might well have had a change of heart. In deep guttural tones would

come the query from one end of the darkened bunk room: "What will clean our bayonets in the morning?" "Bloo-o-o-d-d-d!" would come the chorus in tones just as deep and ominous. But as a matter of fact none of them had bayonets yet, and when the "C. O.'s" did begin to arrive no blood was shed.

By this time the drafted men were standing their own guards, and they found it an occupation none too well to their liking, though of course they performed their duties in the most conscientious manner. Some extremely ludicrous situations arose during the first few nights when the National Army men were on guard, of course, and, though most of them have been told again and again, one or two may bear retelling here.

A member of General Hodges' personal staff strolled down through the camp about midnight on one of the first nights drafted men had been posted. He was looking for material for a report to the division commander on how the men were picking up their duties. Near Headquarters he saw the form of a sentry through the darkness, and just to make sure that the man would see him in plenty of time to challenge, he coughed loudly. But the man paid him not the slightest bit of attention. So the officer strolled slowly up to him and made as if to go by. Right opposite the man he turned quickly and snapped out:

"Well, have you anything to say to me?"

"Gosh, yes," rejoined the "rookie." "I'd speak to anybody. I've been out here in the dark nigh on to two hours an' I ain't seen a soul."

The man didn't mean to be careless. He simply didn't understand and, while he showed one extreme, the other was shown by the over-eager youngster who was walking his post about 9:30 the following night. The colonel of his regiment was taking his wife and daughter to their hotel outside the camp, when suddenly a "Halt! Who goes there?" rang out. The women jumped, but the colonel, quite pleased, replied: "Colonel Blank,

with wife and daughter." But the guard's reply nearly lifted the colonel out of his long riding boots. "Advance Colonel Blank and be recognized. Wife and daughter mark time."

The officers were patient and helpful, for the most part. Those who were not seldom held their jobs as commanders of men for very long. When they were found unfit to guide and instruct these boys who were entirely green at the military game they were shunted to other jobs where they could be used without ruining the material that New England had given the army.

For the most part the National Army lads liked their officers and the officers liked the men. The West Point officers, especially the younger ones, learned almost as much from the Plattsburg officers as the Plattsburgers did from the Regulars. For these provisional officers had the personal touch that went so far in making America's emergency sword the keen, strong blade it proved to be.

The officers were good fellows in more ways than one, as these 2,200 Yankee lads admitted less than ten days after their arrival in camp. For the officers at Camp Devens at that time dug down into their own pockets to the tune of $5,000 to start one of the biggest ventures of its kind ever attempted in the American Army. It was the Devens officers' share of a $50,000 fund to establish a chain of vaudeville and motion picture shows in the camp for the benefit of the men themselves, in that the profits from the 10- and 15-cent admissions that would be charged were to go to the regimental funds of every unit in the division. Major Reginald Barlow of the 302d Infantry, a well-known New York actor in civil life, started the project, which met with hearty approval throughout the camp.

Even in those early days of the cantonment, however, the men were well provided with entertainment, for the Redpath Lyceum Bureau, with the permission of the War Department, opened up a big tent show in the little gully at the foot of Infantry Hill, and there, seven nights a week, the New England

soldiers could find up-to-date entertainment for about one fifth of what it would cost them in the city. Besides this the Y. M. C. A. had a movie show almost every night, and various societies and companies were coming to camp several times a week to provide entertainment for the boys.

Many things were planned, of course, that never were realized, but the spirit that started the planning to do for these boys was what counted. The spirit manifested by the folks at home was admirable, but there was plenty of it in the army, too. For instance, quite a chunk of it was found right in the Regimental Headquarters of the 301st Infantry, the Boston Regiment, when Colonel Frank Tompkins took out his own check book and wrote out a check to provide two Ford motor trucks for his regiment, solely so his men could get their uniforms and other supplies more quickly than by waiting their turn at the big army trucks. That spirit was what built up the fighting spirit in the men.

"When we seen the 'old man' do that for us, we just felt that it was up to us to do a little somethin' for the army ourselves," was the way one "rookie" put it.

September 15 was one of the happiest days at Camp Devens, at least for the few men who were there. And it might be added that there were many days that were far from sad. But it was on that day that the New England men already stationed at the cantonment received their first big war weapons.

About 4:30 in the afternoon Colonel Arthur S. Conklin, commander of the 303d Heavy Field Artillery, received word from the quartermaster that a train had just pulled into the Camp Devens siding with some guns for his regiment. Like a flash the word went down the line, and with yells of glee just about every man then in the regiment made a rush toward Headquarters. They were all anxious for a sight of the war weapons, and most of them wanted to share in the honor of unloading the first artillery to arrive at the camp.

But, as it was later proven in this new army of ours, there

was always some particular man who was best fitted for any job that might put in its appearance at camp, and this time it was William F. Cronin of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, who was called upon. He had been with the Barnum and Bailey Circus and was used to unloading ponderous equipment from cars.

"Can you get those guns off for us?" he was asked.

"Sure," smiled he, "if you'll give me men enough."

There was no difficulty about that. Every man in the regiment wanted to have a hand in the work, supper or no supper. So about a hundred of them started in the direction of the quartermaster's tracks, and there, looking rather ominous to them, were four three-inch field pieces, a complete battery of field guns, lying on four flat cars.

There were fully a hundred men in the party that helped get those guns off the cars. They will tell you all about it. It was "the thrill that comes once in a life time." Under Cronin's direction runners were placed against the cars. The pieces were unlashed and swung around. Then it was a yell of "Let 'er go, Gallagher," and down they rolled, the gleeful "rookies" clinging to the tongue of the caisson, and away they went with them up through the cantonment to the Headquarters Company of the 303d, where the pieces were lined up for the awed inspection of the rest of the camp.

And on the same day the comparatively few members of the 301st Infantry—Boston's Own Regiment—were feeling pretty chirky, too. For they had gone through their first inspection by a general, Brigadier-General F. H. Allbright. Their officers were a little nervous, too, but when it was all over everybody was happy, including the general. For, although he was a Regular Army officer and accustomed to inspecting trained soldiers, he had used such words as "vim and snap," and "eagerness and willingness" in describing the showing of these soldiers of less than ten days, and it meant a lot to them.

But the biggest task so far was approaching. The "first

forty per cent" was due to arrive at Camp Devens on September 19—or at least the first part of that contingent was due on that date—some 20,000 men, a multitude compared to the number that had already arrived, and the transportation of these men as well as the caring for them as fast as they arrived was a problem that was taking much of the attention of the authorities.

According to the schedule announced three days before these men were due to start, the men from Maine, New Hampshire and Rhode Island were to come in on the 19th, more than 5,000 of them in all. On the 20th 4,390 men from Connecticut were to come. Massachusetts, exclusive of Boston, was to send 6,021 on the third day, and on the fourth day northern New York State was to send 2,330. On the fifth day the city of Boston was to send 2,029, and then the movement would be completed.

This plan of transporting the men was drawn up by the American Railway Association and approved by the military authorities. The governor of each of the states involved also placed the seal of his approval on the plan, and so arrangements for the reception of these men were made on that basis. And the men already at camp—the first five per cent—were called upon to help get ready to receive their friends, which duty they performed with a will.

Almost simultaneously came the announcement of the plans for the placing in the division of the men who were to come. The policy started on the arrival of the first five per cent was to be pursued right through the draft, according to the indications, and men from the same localities were to be placed in the same or adjacent organizations.

For Massachusetts, in the first forty per cent, the following arrangement of the men was announced:

Men from	To the
Adams	Depot Brigade
Arlington	301st Artillery

Men from	To the
Belmont	301st Artillery
Beverly	301st Artillery
Boston	301st Infantry
Brookline	301st Infantry
Braintree	302d Infantry
Brookfield	Depot Brigade
Brockton	Supply Train
Cambridge	301st Infantry
Chelsea	301st Infantry
Concord	301st Artillery
Chicopee	Depot Brigade
Deerfield	Depot Brigade
Everett	301st Infantry
East Bridgewater	302d Infantry
Fall River	302d Infantry
Fairhaven	302d Infantry
Fitchburg	Supply Train
Franklin	302d Infantry
Framingham	302d Infantry
Gardner	Headquarters Train
Gloucester	302d Machine Gun Battalion
Hudson	Ammunition Train
Holyoke	Depot Brigade
Haverhill	302d Machine Gun Battalion
Ipswich	302d Machine Gun Battalion
Leominster	Headquarters Train
Lee	Depot Brigade
Lowell	Headquarters Troop
Lynn	301st Artillery
Lawrence	301st Field Signal Battalion
Malden	301st Artillery
Medford	301st Artillery
Marblehead	301st Artillery
Melrose	301st Artillery
Maynard	Ammunition Train
Milford	Ammunition Train
Milton	302d Infantry
Norwood	302d Infantry
Newton	302d Infantry
North Attleboro	302d Infantry
New Bedford	302d Infantry

Men from	To the
Newburyport	302d Machine Gun Battalion
North Easton	302d Infantry
North Adams	Depot Brigade
Northampton	Depot Brigade
Northfield	Depot Brigade
Plymouth	302d Infantry
Peabody	301st Artillery
Pittsfield	Depot Brigade
Quincy	302d Infantry
Rockland	302d Infantry
Sagamore	302d Infantry
Stoneham	301st Artillery
Somerville	301st Artillery
Springfield	Depot Brigade
Salem	301st Artillery
Southbridge	Headquarters Train
Tewksbury	302d Machine Gun Battalion
Taunton	302d Infantry
Winthrop	301st Infantry
Waltham	301st Artillery
Ware	Depot Brigade
Westfield	Depot Brigade
Wilbraham	Depot Brigade
Winchendon	Depot Brigade
Worcester	Ammunition Train.

While, of course, these were not the only towns and cities in Massachusetts to send men to Devens in the first forty per cent, they marked the centers from which the men were to come, and the men from the cities and towns surrounding these places were sent to the same organizations. As has often been stated, it was this arrangement of grouping men from the same localities in the same or adjacent units that went far in maintaining the morale at the beginning of our part in the war at the high scale it attained.

As this program for sending men by the thousands unfolded, some of the older and more experienced officers began to have their doubts as to how the thousands were to be housed, large as the cantonment was. But the War Department provided

for all that. For before the arrival of the 20,000 men during the five days, September 19 to 24, came the announcement from Washington that another $1,000,000 was to be spent at Camp Devens on additional barracks. And those who had already seen the cantonment gasped, while those who had not seen it began to do some wondering about what kind of a place this could be, where $1,000,000 could be spent so easily. They had other gasps coming to them, however, for still more millions were to be spent before Devens was what it afterwards became.

Through it all these veterans of ten days were preparing for the coming thousands. They had already learned to speak of the coming forty per cent as "rookies," but it is not on record that any of these ten-day soldiers had gone quite so far as to term themselves "veterans." Their preparations consisted of cleaning up barracks that were as yet unoccupied. The officers had been busy among their men instilling into them the belief that theirs was the best regiment in the division, a verbal food which the "veterans" digested joyously and with a gusto.

And then came a bombshell. Not literally, of course, but to some of the men it might almost as well have been. On September 18 orders came from Washington to transfer 500 of the comparatively few men at Devens to other regiments already formed at Massachusetts and other New England camps. These "rookies" were going to fill gaps in various regiments of Edwards' 26th (Yankee) Division, which was just about ready to go overseas.

Some Massachusetts men went to Boxford, others to Framingham and still others to Westfield; Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont men went to Westfield; Connecticut men went back to their home state, to Camp Yale at New Haven. The orders came through to each regiment to have their men ready in an hour and a half. Five minutes later it was changed so that they were to have their men ready in an hour. And so they hustled. The men were to be seen all over the cantonment, pouring out of their barracks, some in full uniform, some

in half military and half civilian clothes and many still clad completely in "civies."

Frantically they gathered their belongings together and as soon as the last man from each company was ready they went straggling along the six rough roads that led to Post Office Square, in the center of the camp. From there they proceeded to the quartermaster tracks and boarded trains.

It would be equally untrue to say that they were happy or that they were sad. Some were pleased and some weren't. There was the spice of adventure about their sudden movement, and nearly every one of them knew in his heart that he was headed for an early trip across the Atlantic. The Connecticut men were frankly pleased that they were "going back to God's country," but many a man was sad that he was not going to be on hand to greet the thousands who were due to arrive on the morrow.

These were the first troops to leave Camp Devens, just thirteen days after their arrival. Before the "buddies" they left behind had really earned the right to call themselves soldiers, this little group of 500 men had landed with the Yankee Division on foreign soil, and today some of them are sleeping there, having paid the full price of patriotism.

Chapter VI

"THE FIRST FORTY PER CENT"

The coming of the first forty per cent of the first New England quota to Camp Devens was the most inspiring sight of the early days of America's part in the war. There was no secrecy connected with the event. It was one of the few things that we were all warned about and given an opportunity to watch.

And we were not the only ones to watch it, for, just as the first thousands were reaching the cantonment at which they were to receive their military training, through the long lines of husky youngsters stretching from the cantonment gate clear down the road toward Ayer as far as the eye could see, a foreign potentate, a visitor to the United States from the Orient, was carried into Camp Devens. And so the coming of the "first forty per cent" to Devens served as something of a promise to one of our Allies.

Viscount Ishii, head of the visiting mission from Japan, was in New England on an official visit, and no visit to New England during the war could be called in any measure complete without a sight of the New England National Army cantonment, one of the finest and biggest in the country.

Riding with Major-General Hodges, the cantonment commander, and personally attended by Ambassador Sata, the Japanese representative at Washington, the head of the Japanese mission watched with amazement how quickly and quietly and happily and smoothly this never-ending stream of young men flowed into the military service in answer to the call of democracy. In the automobile with Viscount Ishii and General Hodges was Mayor James M. Curley of Boston.

With eager interest the Japanese nobleman questioned General Hodges about the cantonment and the system of inducting the men into the service. Their activities of the past few days had somewhat worn out the visitors, but this sight of thousands of young giants arriving to throw themselves into the fight revived them, and their expressions of surprise and pleasure were good to hear. With General Hodges they made a tour of the cantonment, noting every detail of the huge machine that so soon was to turn out the best fighting men in the world, and before they left they congratulated their soldier host on the marvelous things that were being accomplished. The picture of New England that they carried away with them was the picture of a country militant, a country burning with patriotism and of men filled with a resolve to do their duty with every atom of energy and strength that filled their strong young bodies.

On September 19 there were 2,127 men due to come into camp. They were the quotas from Maine, Rhode Island, Vermont and part of New Hampshire. Because of the distance they had to travel, few got in before noon. It was not until 3 o'clock in the afternoon that they really began to arrive, but then they came fast.

Vermont was the first in on this day—420 lean, husky lads of pure old New England stock, the very best kind of soldiers we had. They went through the "receiving mill" in the smoothest manner imaginable and were assigned to the 302d Field Artillery. The first detachment came from Bennington County, 57 of them, headed by Benjamin D. Cleveland of Manchester, an old 5th Massachusetts Militia man. Each group of men had some member of the group in charge. Usually this leader was appointed either by the draft board or the men themselves before they left their home towns.

New Hampshire was the next. There were only 97 men in this group, but they came in with spirit enough for 10,000. A few of them were from Berlin, and they bore signs announ-

cing what they were going to do when they reached a certain other Berlin that was rather well known. These signs the men carried—there were few contingents to arrive without them—furnished one of the most interesting sidelights in the whole interesting spectacle.

These lads had received the greatest send-off in the history of the country. They had been banqueted and showered with gifts, extolled and praised and glorified and sent away on the crest of a wave of enthusiasm and patriotism that did not diminish for days. The New Hampshire and Maine and Vermont men showed that as soon as they arrived, and the same was true of the Rhode Islanders, who arrived later in the day. The Maine men, 727 strong, all decorated with various kinds of badges and streamers and armbands, travelled on special cars. They were seven hours late reaching Ayer, but that didn't matter to them. Better late than never was their attitude, and they marched happily away to the 303d Heavy Artillery, there to join the New Hampshire men.

Rhode Island came in with a rush; 884 men destined for the 301st Engineers. They were headed by James L. Doherty, a former policeman. Each man wore a white armband bearing the letters "N. A." in red.

They were swallowed by Camp Devens just as swiftly as were their predecessors. It was incredible—the smoothness with which the receiving machinery worked. It almost seemed that there was no limit to the number of men that could be handled by these few officers and the clerks in the seven little booths on the receiving field.

The Manchester, New Hampshire, delegation came by automobile, 35 machines stretching out into a sizeable column. They didn't arrive until the morning of September 20. They were accompanied by Mayor Spaulding of Manchester, and their cars were loaded down with gifts from their friends and relatives who had watched the procession start off.

A few more men from Maine continued to straggle in on the

20th, and among them was Vladek Cyganiewiez, better known to sport lovers as Zbyszko, heavy weight wrestler of world-wide reputation. Soon after his arrival, however, his six feet and 232 pounds of brawn and muscle was pushing a broom in his company barracks. Such was life in this army of democracy!

The Connecticut men came on the 20th, 4,000 of them. And the first 1,000 got a taste of what seemed to be real war weather, for they arrived in pouring rain and had to march about a mile and a quarter through mud and water that might well have rivaled the famous Flanders mud. They were assigned to the 304th Infantry, the 301st and 302d Machine Gun Battalions and to the 302d Field Artillery.

Massachusetts' thousands began to arrive at 9 o'clock on the morning of September 21. The first to reach Devens came in automobiles. They came from the nearby towns of Leominster, Clinton and Lancaster. Then came the men from Arlington and Winchester, headed by Chief of Police Urquhart of Arlington. In the Winchester quota was Herbert W. Kelley, famous Harvard quarter-miler, a gunny-sack slung over his shoulder, his shirt open at the throat.

Then came 427 men from Fall River and 291 from New Bedford. They had brought brass bands with them, and from their appearance the bandmen had been working ever since they left their respective cities. As soon as these men had passed through the receiving booths, they fell in behind their bands and were played up through the camp to their barracks to the tune of "Where Do We Go from Here?"

That was the spirit of the men. Too much can't be said about that quality. They knew that this was only the first stop on the new adventure they had undertaken. They wanted action and they wanted it quick. The camp was filling up fast and, with all this pep and snap and ginger just bubbling out of its occupants, something was due to happen pretty soon.

LT.-COL. ROMEYN

COL. ARNOLD
(killed in France)

MAJ. WALDO

MAJ. COLLINS

Photo by Sarony
CHAP. EDWIN A. FLYNN

MAJ. CARPENTER

MAJ. HADLEY

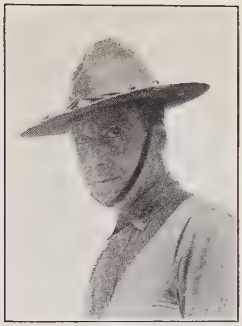
MAJ. PORTER

MAJ. STEBBINS

"Chow!" It Didn't Taste so Bad After a Day Spent as Below

For the Boys Even Had to Break Out Their Own Roads in Winter

LT.-COL. SINCLAIR



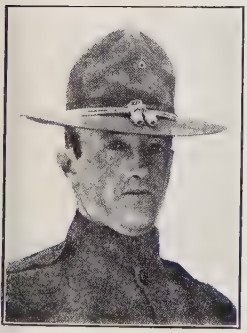
MAJ. BARLOW

MAJ. HOMER GAGE

CAPT. SCANNELL

CHAP. M. J. LYNCH

CAPT. E. C. EDWARDS



SGT. F. N. BECKWITH

CHAP. T. F. LYNCH

SGT. "BILL" CUNNINGHAM

Mayor Curley of Boston and Colonel Frank Tompkins Speak to Men of the 301st Infantry

It is impossible, of course, to set down just how each individual city or town quota came in. It was all about the same, the biggest holiday event in the lives of the men who were entering the service, to all appearances. Everybody was wondering at it and at the lack of friction that marked the mobilization of New England. Nothing but the best of good nature, accompanied by the heartiest co-operation from the men themselves, was to be seen.

Mayor Foss of Fitchburg led in more than 50 men from his city at 11:15, and almost simultaneously there arrived hundreds from Worcester, Lowell and Lawrence.

Mayor Ben Haines of Medford came in proudly with 28 men. He only should have brought 20, but he declared that eight others insisted on coming at once and they threatened to walk if Mayor Haines wouldn't bring them along. So he did, and they were accepted and allowed to stay. And they called that drafting an army!

Framingham came in shortly after 1, to be followed immediately by the Waltham quota, in charge of Elliott Frost, well-known captain of a Yale crew. Cambridge and Somerville came in on the same train and at the cantonment entrance they were met by Lieutenant Brennan, who knew personally many of the men and who was greeted by them as "Jim."

And so it went; something extremely interesting about the arrival of each contingent. From all parts of New England long railroad trains were rushing, bearing their human freight to Camp Devens, where that freight was shortly to be transformed into a formidable fighting machine. But they came gaily, the sides of the railroad cars bearing chalked challenges to the Kaiser and his brood, and their hearts filled with the desire to be of service.

Massachusetts, having much shorter distances to be covered, came in so fast that sometimes there were as many as 1,500 men massed together on the receiving field. But they didn't have very long to wait, as a rule, before they were hustled off

to the regimental area to which they had been assigned, there to be greeted by the "veterans" of two weeks and to be welcomed into the fold of the family that was known as the 76th Division.

The delegation from Tewksbury, Methuen, Chelmsford and Dracut rather lifted the receiving officers, used as they were by now to the unexpected, off their feet. Led by Captain Peter F. Graham of Methuen, a Massachusetts State Guard officer, 71 men from these four towns marched onto the receiving field in column of fours, in good military step, snapped into "company front," right dressed and stood rigidly at attention while their papers were being gone over by the receiving officers. Then, very gravely, they broke into a column again and marched away to their barracks. And General Hodges, standing on the sidelines, watched it all with a gleam in his eye that could not by the worst cynic be construed as anything but sheer delight.

There was only one feature of the arrival of these men that in any way approached the semblance of a farewell. Seventy Lexington, Belmont and Watertown men had been addressed that morning on Lexington Green by Governor McCall. Then they came to camp, accompanied by Judge A. P. Stone, James H. Vahey and other prominent men. As they left the automobiles and started for the receiving booths, the judge and his associates went down the line shaking every man by the hand and wishing him good luck and bon voyage on his trip to Berlin.

Saturday, the 22d, saw more men coming in and some going out. The men coming in were from New York State, 2,300 of them, and those going out from New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Connecticut, 25 from each state. These were sent to Boxford, there to become members of the 26th Division, instead of the 76th as they had expected. Their going caused considerable excitement in camp, as it began to look to many as though immediate overseas service was in store for most of

the men who came in. These 75 men went out to their new duties clad in civilian clothes, with the exception of a few here and there who had parts of the regulation uniform.

And General Hodges saw them go, too, and he hated to lose them. He felt that he didn't want to lose sight of a single one of these young men who were so rapidly pouring in, offering themselves to him to be turned into soldiers. Talking to newspaper men the general declared all these things and added that he was greatly pleased at the generous manner in which New England was prepared to look after them.

Sunday, the 23d, was one of the biggest days in the history of the camp up to that time. Not only because the Boston men were coming in nearly 1,600 strong on that day, but because 100,000 visitors were there to see for themselves how the men of New England were mobilizing for war service.

And so, on this Sunday afternoon, more than 1,500 city lads arrived, shouting, singing, cheering, attended by relatives and friends and by just about every small boy in the vicinity of Ayer village. Along roads that were black with automobiles and pedestrians they came, crowding their way through to get into the army. They knew that they were all destined for the same regiment, Boston's Own—the 301st Infantry—and they were excited and happy about it. Also, they were anxious for a sight of the man who was to command them, Colonel Frank Tompkins.

They knew something about him before they ever thought of getting into the army. They had heard of how this dashing cavalry officer had run Pancho Villa all over Mexico and how he had been wounded during the chase across that hell of burning desert sands. He was their hero before they ever saw him, and he remained so until the end of the war, in which he was to be badly gassed by the Germans.

And Colonel Tompkins was watching these men who were to be his come into camp. He sat on the top of a big boulder and saw them piling into the barracks that had

been set aside for the 301st Infantry. And he smiled as he looked on.

"Lord, but Boston ought to be proud of these boys," he said; "and she will be, too, or I'll miss a guess."

Western Massachusetts sent in men that Sunday, too, and they all went to the Depot Brigade. More men went out on the same day, bound for the country from which the up-state men had come. Two hundred of them went to Westfield, Massachusetts, to fill up the ranks of the 104th Infantry. They had been in camp only a matter of hours, but all but 34 of them went away in uniform. That's how fast things were beginning to move at Camp Devens.

There were now approximately 20,600 men in camp, a sizeable group on which to begin work. Of these only about 2,000 were Regulars. The rest were green, as regards military matters. But on Monday morning steps were taken toward the elimination of the verdant hue. Training was started. The officers began teaching the men how to march and in this way they combined the preliminary training with the hardening-up process.

The "rookies" liked it, too. They sang as they marched and they were positively hoggish for information and detailed instruction. They were eating like horses, too, some of them getting better chow and more of it than they had ever had before in all their lives, and they started to fill out and get husky and brown and healthy.

Just the daily consumption of food was a staggering item for people who were unused to operations on such a large scale. Each day these men were consuming, among other things, the following:

Flour	21,375 pounds
Beef	16,638 pounds
Bacon	4,270 pounds
Baking powder	95 pounds
Baked beans	1,425 pounds
Rice	1,450 pounds

Potatoes	11,450 pounds
Onions	4,250 pounds
Tomatoes	1,184 pounds
Prunes	500 pounds
Jam	1,000 pounds
Coffee	1,500 pounds
Butter	2,000 pounds
Milk	700 quarts

And yet this huge daily consumption didn't even make a visible impression on the vast store that was kept on hand. Colonel Dalton, the division quartermaster, announced that they could send the men to Devens just as fast as they pleased, so far as the food for them was concerned, as he proposed to keep one full week's supply of all commodities for 43,000 men ahead at all times. And he did it, and the boys grew fat and hard and husky.

Chapter VII

TRAINING BEGINS

The arrival of the first 20,000 was followed by a settling down process. Courses of training were mapped out in detail by unit commanders, and the young officers started to learn bayonet fighting under the tutelage of Major Reginald Barlow, then of the 302d Infantry, but previously of the British Army, with which he fought in South Africa during the Boer War.

The sorting out of the men began, too, for it was not the purpose of this army to try to fit square pegs into round holes, and if a man was in the infantry when better fitted for the artillery the authorities wanted to know about it. They found out, too, and shifted the men around, never losing sight of the fact that men were to be kept, in so far as it was possible, in outfits made up of men from their own particular corner of New England. In this sorting-out process each man was questioned individually regarding his previous experience in every line of work, and with the full history of the man before them the officers decided where he could render the most efficient service.

A spirit of competition was started among the various outfits soon after the arrival of the "first forty per cent." Brigadier-General F. H. Allbright, commander of the 151st Infantry Brigade, held an inspection one morning of the men who had so far been assigned to him. It was a nervous morning for the men and officers both, but they came through it in admirable style. The general looked over each man individually. And then—he complimented them! And they were the happiest young animals to be found in fourteen counties.

The brigade was then put through its paces, company by company, and when it was all over Company E, of the 301st

Infantry, was adjudged the best outfit insofar as that morning's work was concerned. That was what started the competition, and the men of other companies settled down to work like beavers to wrest from Company E the "title," as they were pleased to term it. It was fast music after that, and the "title" passed from company to company so fast that before long it was impossible to tell which was really entitled to it or whether any individual outfit was.

After he had watched that brigade of his working out for a while General Allbright one day calmly announced that these men were shaping up so well that he was convinced that they would "be as good as Regulars" when they were fully trained. Coming from a Regular Army man this meant much.

On the last day of September the first schools were started in the 76th Division, by order of General Hodges. There were only six of them, each school specializing in some branch of the military service. Later there were to be almost ten times as many, but for a starter they established a school for officers in equitation, a school for stable sergeants, another in hippology and veterinary medicine, one for horseshoers and others for cobblers and saddlers. Lieutenant-Colonel N. B. Rehkopf of the 301st Field Artillery was placed in charge of the schools, with Major F. B. Edwards as assistant.

The month of October saw the 76th Division really getting down to business. Rejections began to mount up, too, necessitating that other men be sent from civilian life to replace the men who were discarded. There was much criticism of the draft boards in general, some of it unjust and some of it not. It was inevitable that in any undertaking of this magnitude mistakes should occur and also that some parts of such a ponderous machine as the Selective Service system should function with too much zeal and not enough discretion.

It is to the everlasting credit of New England, however, that by far the greater part of the men sent to camp by the draft boards were just the kind of material the army wanted—

strong, sturdy, clean, upstanding youngsters, full of patriotism and fight and eager to learn and go across as quickly as possible.

There have been many events at Camp Devens that created excitement and pleasure and surprise. There was always something unusual going on. But few of these startling events equaled the advent of the first band to be formed by the National Army men, pitifully small and squeaky as it was compared with the magnificent musical organizations that followed.

The first band to be formed at Camp Devens was composed of fifes and drums, played by the men of the 151st Depot Brigade. There were only seventeen pieces in the whole aggregation, but they played loudly and proudly enough to have been a combination of the best efforts of John Philip Sousa and Arthur Pryor. Their instruments had been supplied by the Depot Brigade officers, who dug down into their own pockets to get them.

Any member of that band can tell you when it made its first public appearance. It was on October 2, and when it came out in all its glory, the fact that a very pretty race had been going on "underground" became known also. Shrilling and thumping one of the three numbers the members knew, the band marched through the camp. Everything was serene until they came to the barracks of the 301st Infantry.

Then there was commotion and excitement, much of it. The Boston men nearly went crazy. They hooted and howled at the sweating, shrilling, pounding Depot Brigaders. They jeered and yelled and raised blazes generally, because—well, the 301st were just about ready themselves to produce the "First National Army Band at Camp Devens," and the disappointment was too much for them.

But utterly oblivious to the torrent of the sarcasm hurled at them, the wailing, whistling fifers and the rumpety-tumping drummers pursued their triumphant way until they reached Division Headquarters, where they apparently got their second

wind and nearly demoralized the entire Headquarters staff, which came out of the Headquarters building in one grand rush to see this miracle. And General Hodges listened, too; and he smiled with pleasure. For his men were "really getting into it."

It was just a week later that the Boston Regiment's band appeared. And, despite the fact that they were running second in the musical race, their appearance caused even more excitement than the Depot Brigade fifers had. For they came out with the first semblance of a real military brass band with the courage to toot its way through the regimental streets of Camp Devens. And they had nearly thirty pieces, instead of less than twenty.

There were several famous musicians in the 301st Infantry, the most noted being Albert Stoessel, formerly of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra. Under the tutelage of these artists the band had been built up and trained to a point where they dared show themselves together in the day time. The first duty they set for themselves was to serenade their beloved colonel, Frank Tompkins. It was supposed to be a surprise party, too, and certainly the colonel appeared to be surprised when he went out to greet the musicians, after they had offered their best efforts in front of Regimental Headquarters.

Sergeant Jesse Illingworth, an old time soldier, had been elected leader, and he was the proudest man in all New England when Colonel Tompkins took him by the hand and congratulated him. The colonel spoke words of praise to the men, also, and then, in that way of his that the men all came to love, he grinned and waved his hand in the direction of Division Headquarters.

"Come on, men," he said. "Let's go up and serenade the general; let's show him some real music."

And up to Headquarters they went, countermarched like veterans in front of the Headquarters offices, and while Colonel Tompkins went inside to get General Hodges they played as

they had never played before, with every breath and effort there was in them. If the memory of the writer serves him correctly, "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier" was one of the very few pieces they knew, but they didn't play it on this occasion.

When they thought the general had had enough they stopped. The "old man" went down and spoke to them and then returned to Headquarters, where he shook hands with Colonel Tompkins and said a few words to him.

"He says, 'It's the best band he ever heard,'" announced Colonel Tompkins to the newspaper men as he started after his band, and as he said it the happy colonel grinned with pleasure.

During the first week in October the "second forty per cent" of New England's first offering to the National Army arrived. When they had passed through the receiving machine there were more than 37,000 men in camp, and the War Department started them on the regular course of training that had been mapped out by the general staff.

The training schedule provided seven hours' work a day for the men, and, with the exception of hours spent on night marches, and in night trench work, in the various trench systems that were built throughout the cantonment, this plan of work was adhered to while troops trained at Camp Devens.

The War Department ordered that one hour each day should be spent in calisthenics. For the most part this work was done in the early morning. The 301st Ammunition Train evolved a scheme to make "Kelly's Thenics" a more popular form of diversion, however, for the band assembled in front of the Train Headquarters each morning, and after considerable drill the men learned to go through their exercises in perfect time to the music. It was almost like dancing, and it made one of the prettiest sights of the camp, and thousands of people came to Devens early in the morning for the sole purpose of watching the 301st Ammunition Train.

Three hours a day, during the first week, were allotted to

infantry drill, one hour for preliminary training for target practice, one-half hour for conferences, one-half hour for instruction in guard duty, one-half hour for instruction in the care of the rifle and one-half hour for inspections.

But, besides all these forms of actual military training prescribed by the War Department, there were so many other activities that the days were mighty full. The second Liberty Loan had started and Colonel E. K. Massee, division judge advocate, had been appointed Liberty Loan officer for the entire camp. He set the quota for the 76th Division at $1,000,000. It was his idea that these fighting youngsters could show the rest of New England that they were not only willing to give their time and risk their lives for Uncle Sam, but were also ready and eager to lend to him a goodly percentage of the comparatively meager amount the Government allowed them.

No sooner had Colonel Massee's purpose been announced than the entire division fell into step and set themselves to making good the colonel's promise. It fell to Sergeant-Major William Augustine Flaherty of the Boston Regiment to buy the first Liberty Bond sold to a New England doughboy at Camp Devens. Bill had been an actor, playing under the name of William Augustine. His home was at 30 Houston Avenue, Milton, Massachusetts. Later he was sent to France to report for duty at Pershing's Headquarters and there he won his commission and was transferred to the Yankee Division.

Devens did not neglect sports. Lieutenant W. W. Cowgill, at that time General Hodges' only aide-de-camp, was made division athletic officer, and set to work to hunt out the football material. He found it, scads of it. Both among the commissioned officers and the men were stars from almost every college in the country. His project won their immediate support. The Camp Devens football team began to shape up and the spirit spread among the various regiments until footballs and baseballs were flying every spare minute.

Another phase of the training, that at first caused some people to laugh a little, was the singing classes. One day a man called Vernon Stiles, a concert singer, appeared at Headquarters, presented his credentials and announced that he had been sent by the War Department Commission on Training Camp Activities to teach the soldiers at Camp Devens how to sing. Some of the old and more hardened army officers looked a little bit astonished and allowed privately that they didn't envy Mr. Stiles his job. It didn't phase the singer a bit, however, and after the first few weeks some of the skeptics had the shivers running up and down their backs when they heard thousands of doughboys roaring out the most inspiring war music any nation ever heard.

There is little question now that the teaching of our fighting men to sing was one of the greatest morale builders that was produced during the World War. It has been an army adage that "A singing army is a fighting army." That is true. If you don't believe it, ask the Germans. For ours was a singing army.

Then, just as these thousands of New Englanders were getting into the swing of it and had set out to make theirs the best division in the whole United States Army, the hard luck that followed the 76th Division throughout its career began to show up.

One day General Bliss, chief of staff, sent word from Washington that the Camp Devens "surplus men" were to go to Georgia to fill up National Guard divisions in the South. Nobody knew at that time just who were our "surplus men," as there were fifteen per cent of the first draft still to come to camp.

It developed, however, that the negro troops were to be placed in separate divisions, and because of the large colored population of the South many southern white divisions had great gaps in their ranks. Division Headquarters at Devens was all broken up over the anouncement, but orders must be

obeyed and the men were sent. In the meantime there wasn't a man in camp who wasn't worrying about it and hoping that, somehow or other, he would be allowed to stay with the 76th.

The work was getting all-fired interesting and they were just beginning to know each other and to know their officers. Bayonet training had begun and they were learning how to fire their rifles even before they had learned how to march and drill. In some cases men were actually practicing going over the top in the trenches that had been constructed in various corners of the camp. And every battalion in camp had started taking long daily hikes of five to eight miles. Tramping through the crisp New England air, over a gorgeous autumn countryside, with a hot meal at noon prepared in their own "slum guns," wasn't such awful hard medicine to take, after all. Then, too, all kinds of nice things were to be had at Camp Devens, and one never knew what would be found at other camps.

The main building of the Knights of Columbus was officially opened at Camp Devens on October 12. State Deputy Daniel J. Gallagher, assistant district attorney of Suffolk County (Massachusetts) came up and delivered an oration, and the K. of C. turned the building over to the men for their use. It had in it pool tables and victrolas and player pianos and books and magazines and a dance floor and almost every kind of recreational apparatus known to man, and the men could use all at any time they chose. There was also a big boxing night in the building once a week, as well as many other forms of entertainment, and everything was free of charge. It wasn't much wonder that the men didn't care about leaving Devens.

Something of a surprise came early in October when volunteers for immediate overseas service were called for. It happened that the men required were highly skilled mechanics and men with other special training, but in some companies, just as a test, it was announced that volunteers for immediate service at the front were wanted at once. Almost invariably the entire command stepped forward. The men selected were

sent away in groups of one hundred or a little over, and they went so suddenly that they scarcely had time to say goodbye to their own "buddies," let alone to their families. From this time on the men continued to go out of Camp Devens, destined for the most part for overseas, so constantly that it was impossible to keep track of them. In some cases men were in France less than a month from the day they were inducted into the service. Frank Sibley, in his story of the Yankee Division, has told of some of these men who landed with the Y. D., and of the spirit—though without the training—with which they went into the fight.

Chapter VIII

THE SECRETARY OF WAR COMES TO CAMP

There were none prouder in the whole 76th Division on the 13th of October than the men of the 152d Infantry Brigade. This was the first brigade to get together in a single formation at Camp Devens, and the parade and review was "pulled" so quietly that scarcely anybody outside of Brigade Headquarters knew what was happening until it was all over.

Early in the morning of the 13th General Evans, the brigade commander, rode out into the fall sunshine and found two regiments, almost up to full strength, and a machine gun battalion, fully equipped, lined up in perfect formation. They were the 303d and the 304th Infantry Regiments and the 303d Machine Gun Battalion. The regimental band of the 301st Infantry was on hand also and this band played the whole 152d Brigade by its general when they passed in review.

The effect of the review was twofold. It showed the military authorities how swiftly the men were coming along, and it made the men realize how rapidly they were being developed into a real fighting organization. It had the effect of raising their morale even higher and of giving them a pride in themselves and in the organizations to which they belonged that could be obtained in no other way.

It was about this time, too, that stories began to circulate through New England regarding Camp Devens. No one could possibly believe that these stories emanated from the men who were in the service there, for even the inevitable soreheads would not stoop to tell such deliberate lies. Typical of these stories was one which alleged that four men had been brought to camp under arrest and had been immediately taken out and shot. It sounds foolish now, but there were hundreds,

yes, thousands of people who were worried by this particular yarn and Division Headquarters was swamped with telephone calls, telegrams and letters.

At any rate, delegations from various states began to arrive at camp to look their men over. Of course they found them happy, contented and well cared for. Investigations as to the sources of these stories were made and it was finally decided—(not by any people with the spy mania, either)—that they had been started by enemy agents, which was probably true, whether the alleged agents were in the pay of the Hun Government or not.

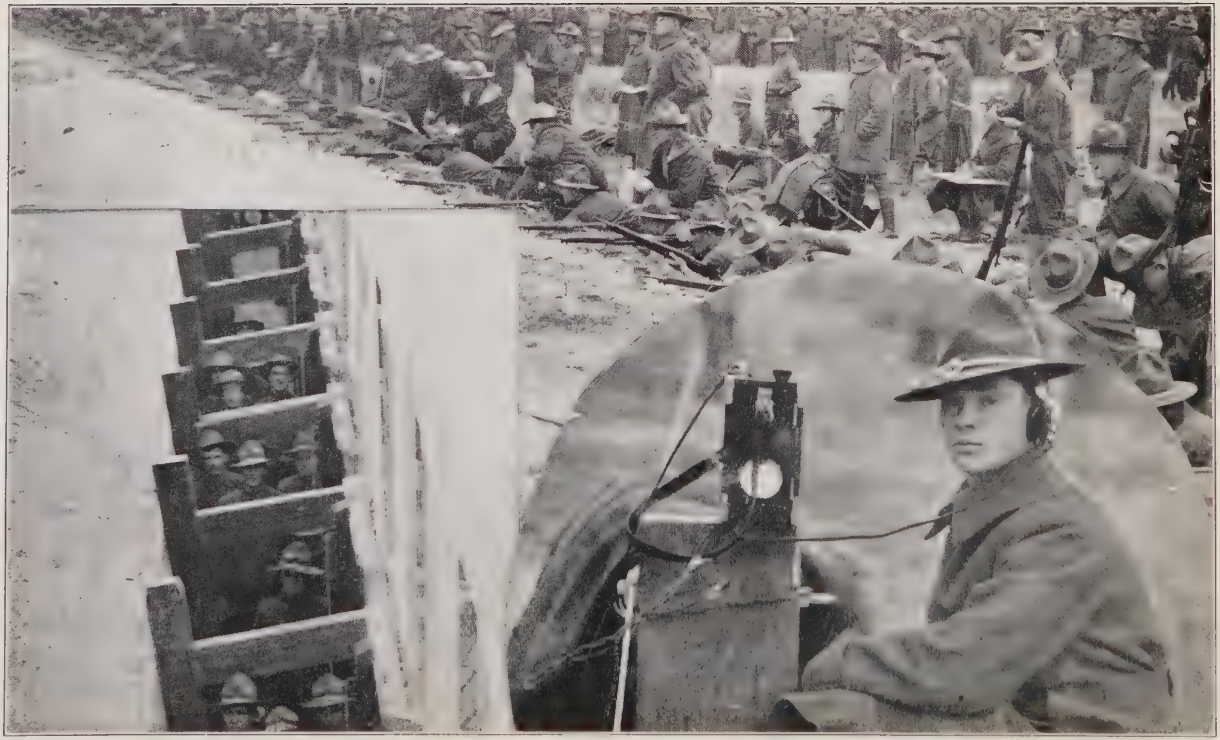
Impetus was added to the training of the troops when the announcement was made at Division Headquarters that an Officers' Training School was to be started at camp early in January. One man out of every ten in camp would be selected to train for a commission. Everybody had a chance. It was up to the men themselves to show that they were fitted to hold a commission and the best of the division would be selected. If the men thought they had been exerting their best efforts up to this time it appeared that they were sadly mistaken, for they started to dig into the dirt with their toes as they never had before.

This new-fangled wrinkle in raising Democracy's Army was followed immediately by another just as new but which caused a great deal more astonishment. They had measured the bodies of these men as they came into the service. They had measured them for their uniforms and also for a record of their stature and some idea of what kind of work they would be best fitted for. Now they began to measure their brains, and some of the more old fashioned among us snorted with disdain.

But, snorts or no snorts, that's what they did just the same. A quiet young man wearing the uniform of a lieutenant appeared one day and declared that he was a psychologist, sent by the Great Father in Washington to measure the brains of the New England soldiers, make a record of them and forward

Battery E, 302d Field Artillery, Visits Boston

Some of the 302d Infantry Show Home Folks What Real Soldiers Are



On the Rifle Range—The Target Pits, the Firing Line and a Field Telephone and Operator

Photo by International Film Service, Inc.

A Class of Officers at Revolver Practice

Photo by International Film Service, Inc.

The Gas Defense School. Ready for the Cloud of Chlorine That is Coming

The Hostess House

The Camp also Boasted Its Own Theatre, The Liberty

a copy of the record to Washington. It was one of the most successful experiments ever attempted in the American Army. He was Lieutenant W. S. Foster, formerly of Cornell University, and soon he had a staff of "nut pickers," working under him there at Devens, that was kept busy for months.

There were two different tests, one for officers and one for men, with another for men who were unable either to read or write. Everybody had to take it and everybody was marked under a set of rules laid down by the department at Washington that had charge of the work. Nobody was supposed to know what he made at the "nut" tests, but it became known soon after they were started that some of the officers had fallen down miserably, while some of the more stupid appearing of the enlisted men had made a brilliant finish.

Taken all in all, however, the "nut tests," when compared with practical results afterwards, showed that the men and officers both did just about what the psychological tests showed might be expected of them, and a man's mark in his psychological examination soon began to count for something when promotion time came. If an officer failed too miserably he was investigated further and an effort was made to find out what, if anything, was the matter with him.

No one was better able to judge the value of all these new methods of training and classification than an old and successful soldier, and one of our most successful ones came to Camp Devens, soon after the New England men had hit their stride, to look them over. He was Lieutenant-General S. M. B. Young, U. S. A. (retired), one of the only three living lieutenant-generals in the whole United States Army. He was a veteran of every war since '61, and he knew a thing or two about the army and the training of troops.

General Young made a tour of the cantonment and was shown what the men were doing. He had been sent by the War Department, by the way. He had lots of nice things to say about Devens and about the men, but, what was more im-

portant, he said that what he had seen of our army as it prepared for service in the World War was almost the realization of the fondest dreams he had always had for the preparation of the army of the United States. He drew a word picture of the difference between the way our army used to get recruits for war service—when the recruits came in groups of 10 and 20—and the way they came in now—by the thousands. The general sighed a little as he made the comparisons.

Finally, when the first "rookies" to arrive at camp had been in the service about six weeks, came what everybody had been waiting for and what most of the men had pictured their training as consisting of: a real trench attack and a sham battle.

On October 23, Captain George Hoban's Company H of the 304th Infantry was sent into the trenches with the warning that it was to be attacked. Captain William E. Davidson's Company E of the same regiment was told that the enemy was holding a series of trenches and that he was to be driven out. The men had been trained to some extent in the most approved methods of trench warfare, but this was their first actual experience against living, breathing, yelling, eager, flesh-and-blood antagonists, even though they were their own "buddies." A whistle blew—and then the fun began.

Charging like madmen, most of them forgetting what they had been told about how they were to advance, Company E set sail for the "enemy." As the first advancing doughboy appeared there was a terrific clicking of rifle bolts all up and down the trenches, but of course there was no ammunition, and Company H became indignant.

"How in hell are we goin' to stop 'em when we ain't got no bullets?"

"Lay down, you ox! Don't you know you're dead? I've bored you clean through the pantry four times now."

"Dead? Why you half-blind she-mule, where do you get that stuff? We've got yuh so scared yuh can't even pull your trigger."

"Can that stuff. I've hit you an' you're dead and you know it."

"You're a liar. You're the one that's dead. My bayonet's stuck in your wishbone right now—or it would be if I had one."

"Whadyamean dead, you big fourflusher," etc.

And so it went. Few remember now which company was adjudged the winner, and few care—now. But whichever one it was, the other company was the winner the next time. For that's the way it was arranged. But what everybody does remember is that the spirit exhibited by the men on that auspicious occasion augured well for what was to be expected of them when the real thing came.

October 23 will stand out in the mind of every man who was at Camp Devens on that day for still another reason. That was the day on which the first steam was turned on, one of the most welcome events in the whole history of the cantonment. For it must be admitted that some of the men had been none too comfortable o' nights. The weather had been nippy and of course with so many men sleeping in one room it was necessary to have all the windows open. The result was, well—chilly, unless one was fortunate enough to have some extra bedclothing besides the three blankets issued by the army. Most of them had extras, but they were happy to see the steam, or rather to feel it, and thereafter they were as comfortable as it is possible for human beings to be.

Secretary of War Newton D. Baker paid a surprise visit to camp that fall too, and, incidentally, it was the only visit he made to Devens during the whole period of the war. He arrived one afternoon alone, unattended even by a secretary, and of course he found the camp in its worst possible state, for it was raining pitchforks and hammerhandles. Mr. Baker, however, wasn't bothered a bit by it. He was scarcely there long enough, for he was hurrying to Manchester, New Hampshire, and had merely stopped at Devens in passing. He went to Major-General Hodges' headquarters, sat there for about

half an hour and smoked his pipe, while members of the staff were called before him and questioned. Then he jumped into an automobile and hurried away again.

Nobody knew why he came, at least nobody who would say anything about it, but his visit caused the finest flock of rumors that was ever loosed in an army cantonment—Devens was to be closed as it was too cold to train men there during a New England winter and all the men were to be sent South for their training. The division was going overseas at once and complete its training there. Any suggestion made by any person as to why the secretary of war had visited Camp Devens flew from lip to lip with the swiftness of a prairie fire. But nothing happened and the training went on just the same.

Something new was happening each day, and one of the somethings that happened early in the game was the beginning of gas training. Opposite the Base Hospital two little buildings had been erected without anybody paying much attention to them—at first. But before they were ready to go across every man in the division, from the commanding general down, knew both little houses and knew them well. They also knew the trenches and dugouts that were dug just outside the houses.

This was the Gas Defense School, through which every officer and man had to pass as a part of his training. One house was devoted to the lachrymating or tear gas, and this the men entered without any protection. The gas they got was only about one twentieth as strong as that they were told to expect from the Germans, but it gagged them and made the tears flow from their eyes until they were unable to see, and taught them the smell of the stuff as nothing else could have taught it to them.

The other house was used for various other kinds of poisonous fumes the Huns were using against our men. This house they entered with their masks on. It was done simply to give them confidence in their gas masks and to teach them how necessary they were.

The trenches surrounding the school were equipped with dugouts that were supposed to be gas-proof and probably they were as effective against the gas as any dugouts that could be constructed. "Classes" of men were placed in these trenches, distributed along them as they expected to be distributed along the trenches opposite the Germans later on. Off in front of them were placed containers filled with chlorine and other deadly fumes.

Suddenly, and without warning, the gas was released. In clouds it arose and was carried toward the trenches filled with men. Lookouts in the trenches sounded the warning, masks were quickly adjusted and the men allowed the gas to sweep over them. Some of them were ordered to the dugouts, and there in those little holes in the earth they learned to fight this silent death, with fires, with fans and with beaters and spades with which they literally shoveled the yellow poison from their retreat. It was about the most realistic piece of training they received on this side of the water, and later many of them were thankful for it.

Right in the middle of this training, which seemed to grow more interesting every day, the orders, forecast by the announcement of General Bliss a few days before, that the "surplus men" from Camp Devens were to be sent to the South, came through. Eight thousand men were called for and, of course, 8,000 were sent. They went to Camp Gordon at Chamblee, Georgia. There was not a unit in the 76th Division that didn't lose some men. They were the cream of New England. The blow was one of the hardest the 76th Division received. And it received many.

Folks began to be more interested than ever in what their men were doing as the reports of their activities went into thousands of homes through the newspapers and through the letters of the men themselves. They began to wonder whether all these strange things were making much of a change in their boys, and the throngs of visitors grew larger than ever.

Toward the last of October, on the 25th to be exact, Governor R. Livingston Beeckman of Rhode Island came up to see the men from his state. Like the live wires they were, they staged a regimental review of the 301st Engineers, the outfit from Little Rhody, for the governor and his party. It was the first regimental review "pulled" in camp and they went through it like veterans.

Standing beside Colonel Pope, commander of the regiment, Governor Beeckman watched the men swing by, and as each company passed his amazement grew.

"Can these be the men I saw parading through the streets of Providence only four or five weeks ago?" he asked. "How has this thing been done?"

And still they continued to pass, splashing through the mud caused by the recent rain, until every man had gone by. Then Governor Beeckman spoke to them. He was just about to leave for a visit to the battlefronts of Europe and he told them that they had given him a wonderful message to carry to the boys over there, a message that he would not fail to deliver.

Governor Keyes of New Hampshire paid a flying visit to camp on the same day. He was on his way to Washington, but he found time to look in on the men from New Hampshire and tell them that every man, woman and child in the Granite State was behind them, heart, soul and body. Governor Keyes was accompanied by Adjutant-General C. W. Howard, Major E. W. French and Major G. W. Morrill.

On the following day, the Boston Regiment received visitors. Headed by Mayor James M. Curley, the City Fathers and nearly one hundred other visitors came to Devens to see the boys from Boston. The regiment was brought out and put through its paces. It was on that occasion that the men of the 301st Infantry were addressed collectively by their colonel, Frank Tompkins, for the first time. It was a message that none of them who are still alive will ever forget, for it was the

talk of one fighting man to a large group of men of his own timber.

"I want you men to know that I consider you have delivered the goods," said Colonel Tompkins. "I know you will continue your splendid work until the end and after. I expect you Boston men to write your mark deep in the breast of the Hun."

And they did it, too; but not as the 301st Infantry.

Mayor Curley spoke, and when he had finished the flag of the city of Boston was presented to the regiment. It was received by Color Sergeant James H. Connolley, who had formerly been a Brookline policeman. It was taken to France and is now safely back in Boston.

Chapter IX

OFF DUTY AND ON

Late in October came word from overseas that America had fired her first shot into the Germans. Our artillery was in position, pounding away at the Boche and some of our troops were in the line. The word sent an electric shock through the 76th Division, and they "got down to it" as they never had before. On the same day the Boston Regiment was parading through the streets of its own city in full equipment, its band blaring forth the message to the home folks to dig down into their pockets and back up the boys by sending the Liberty Loan over the top and the Kaiser into the swill barrel.

The day following, the first of the foreign officers that had been promised us arrived. They were veterans of the war and knew every trick of the trade. They were French, Lieutenant Drieu de La Rochelle (a Blue Devil), Adjutant Georges Rennandin, and Sergeants O. Chevallier and Mouilland.

Two days later more of them came, Captain Henri Amann, for whom Amann Field was named; Lieutenant Thierry J. Mallet, another Blue Devil, and Lieutenant Paul Perrigord.

Scarcely waiting to unpack their baggage, these veterans reported themselves to Major-General Hodges, were assigned to quarters and began to teach the latest thing in fighting to men who were the most eager to learn that the Frenchmen had ever encountered. New England had truly hit her stride and the 76th Division was on its way with all sails set and colors flying.

It was almost impossible to keep track of what was going on at Camp Devens after that. More than a dozen newspaper men, who were there to do nothing else but follow the training of the division, were kept going night and day in an effort to keep up with events.

The foreign officers brought from France new sketches of trenches, as well as all the very latest wrinkles in warfare, and arrangements were made, through the various military commissions in the United States, to keep these new wrinkles strictly up to date and to keep the new soldiers thoroughly posted on the ever-changing conditions in the battle zones.

Night attacks were started in November. Real grenades began to arrive, and Lieutenant Mallet got the training of his grenade throwers and bombers really started. Parties of men were to be seen almost every night, after darkness had fallen, starting away for the various "sectors" in the camp, and soon afterwards the sky might be lighted like a Christmas tree. A "fight" was going on somewhere out there.

One very pleasing incident occurred early in November. Congressman James A. Gallivan paid a visit to camp. This was a pleasure to the Boston men anyway, as "Jimmy" Gallivan was popular. But the pleasantest part of it all was that the Congressman went away declaring that the spirit of the fighting men from his home state had simply "floored" him, and the conditions under which they were living and training were simply fine. The gentleman from Massachusetts had come to Camp Devens prepared to see the New England men suffering all kinds of hardships and discomfort. He had got the idea from stories he had heard in Boston. His disappointment pleased him no less than it pleased the men themselves and the camp officials.

The so-called "welfare organizations" were getting into their stride by this time. Recreation buildings were springing up all over the camp and along the road between Ayer and the cantonment gate and in the town of Ayer itself. The Y. M. C. A. had huts in every section of the cantonment, with more than three score secretaries on duty. The Knights of Columbus were firmly planted in the camp and were growing and spreading rapidly. Boxing, basket-ball, pool, music, bowling, reading, writing, helpful advice and scores of other good

things were on tap day and night for the men in uniform. These folks were really interested in them, and they showed it after the fashion of real friends.

The Salvation Army had a hut that was really a half-way station between Ayer and the camp gate, and the "S. A." despite the handicap of not being inside the cantonment did some fine work for the men.

In Ayer itself the War Camp Community Service had established a Soldiers' Club on West Street. Here the men found everything that was to be found in the recreation huts within the camp, with a fine cafeteria where meals could be bought at reasonable prices.

And besides these recreation buildings the people of the town of Ayer have it to their everlasting credit that they did their utmost for the soldiers. Hundreds and hundreds of officers and men who served at Camp Devens made lifelong friendships among the people at Ayer.

It was a very peculiar situation that the town found itself in. Its normal population before the war was about 2,500. Suddenly 40,000 men were dumped into an area just outside the town. Sixteen times as many men as there were people in the whole town suddenly moved in. But the little New England hamlet spread its arms wide and gathered them all in, and the men enjoyed the sensation.

The local Knights of Columbus rooms were thrown open to the men and their friends, regardless of color or creed. They were welcomed and made to feel at home, and the little council bore the added expense without a murmur.

Thousands of the men found "hang-outs" in Ayer where they delighted to congregate after their day's training—just places where they could sit around and smoke and gossip and josh. It was much like the famous "hang-outs" to be found in any college town, where generation after generation gathers during off hours.

Hundreds of men who trained at Camp Devens will remem-

ber "Tom" Raftery for the rest of their lives. "Tom" was the manager of A. Shuman & Company's branch store at Ayer. The Shuman people sent him up from Boston soon after the camp opened. "Tom" was an old baseball player. He used to be with the Cleveland Club, and he was one of the best "mixers" in New England. Always on the job, yet he always had time to meet and make friends. That was his specialty, making friends, and once he made them he kept them, to the benefit of the men themselves and also to his firm's.

Then there was "Joe" Markham's store in Depot Square. "Joe" was an Ayer man. The coming of the camp disarranged the old order of things for him, but he accepted the new order philosophically, and his friends are now numbered by the thousand. It was men like these who did wonders, generally without realizing it, to keep the morale of the Camp Devens soldiers high, and they saw American soldiers come and go by the thousand.

As soon as the camp opened the state of Massachusetts sent state police to Ayer. The "camp followers" of previous wars were expected to materialize in this one again. The state police were to keep the camp clean. And they did. They really constituted a vice squad, and as the result of their work Camp Devens was among the cleanest cantonments in the country. Old army officers spoke of it and wanted to know how it was accomplished.

Governor McCall selected Inspector Edward P. O'Hallorhan of the Newton police force to head the squad. He got the city of Newton to give Mr. O'Hallorhan a leave of absence. Mr. O'Hallorhan picked his men with care. There were only a few of them, but they did the work of many. Best known among the state police at Devens were Lawrence Schofield, James Devereaux, Frank Hale, Stephen Bresnahan, Edward McCabe and William Cannon. Kindly, big-hearted men they were, who believed in tempering justice with mercy, and using lots of plain horse sense. Many a young girl, who might have been

sent away to an institution of some kind, was sent back to her home with a warning that she could hardly forget. These were the ones who were just foolish. But dozens of others—yes, hundreds—who came to Camp Devens to prey on the New England fighting men, went away much faster than they came and to a place where they would have a chance to think it over for a few months.

Mrs. Mary A. Sughrue was sent to Ayer by the Commonwealth to act as police matron, and it was to this motherly, big-hearted woman that many a foolish young girl owes "another chance." She was loved by the whole town and by every soldier in camp who knew her. To Mr. O'Hallorhan, his men, and Mrs. Sughrue, working in conjunction with Chief of Police Patrick J. Beatty of Ayer, belongs the credit of keeping Camp Devens the most vice-free camp in the country.

The local clergy also took an interest in the men of the camp, despite the fact that the population of the town almost doubled soon after the camp opened, making just twice as much work for them. Father Thomas P. McGinn, pastor of the local Catholic Church, was made post chaplain by the military authorities. He had in his parish also Father Thomas J. Brennan, a young priest with a big heart and a genial smile and a vast knowledge of young men. These two clergymen placed themselves at the disposal of the soldiers, and were ready at any time of the day or night to help in any way they could.

It really was almost like a large family, that town of Ayer during the war. Everybody was pulling together to make the soldiers happy and to help them in every way possible. The results justified the time and trouble.

On November 5 Major Reginald Barlow's theater opened in the building that had formerly been occupied by the cantonment restaurant for workmen. No one who was present will ever forget the opening night. It was an unqualified success and a monument to the energy and foresight of Major Barlow, who recognized the needs of the men.

The 76th Division Passing in Review

Maine men of the first draft won't soon forget the 6th day of November. Governor Carl Milliken of Maine came to camp on that day with $1,000 for the mess fund of the 303d Field Artillery, which was the Maine and New Hampshire Regiment. Governor Milliken will remember the day, too. He found the men from his state waiting for him in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium. His excellency was almost carried off his feet as he stepped to the platform. As Governor Milliken entered, Sergeant "Bill" Cunningham got to his feet.

"Now, men, let it come; all you've got!"

And it came; a screaming whistle from 1,400 lips, a crashing drumfire of "boom-booms" and three long "Governor Millikens" at the end. It was a most startling procedure. Not a bit military, you know, and all that sort of thing, but, Lord! it sounded good to Maine folks.

When the governor recovered from that hair-raising demonstration he spoke to the regiment. He told them that the state of Maine was behind them, heart and soul and pocketbook. He said that the whole state was proud of the 303d and that the home folks were relieved when George McL. Presson, adjutant-general of Maine, had spread the good tidings that the men were comfortable and happy and not suffering, as had been reported.

But these informal proceedings, while all right on such occasions as this, had to be curbed somewhat. A tightening up in the matter of discipline was ordered. The word was sent out that these chaps weren't "boys" any more. They were men now, and as such they would be expected to live up to the full meaning of the word in the army. And they did.

Lieutenant Perrigord of the 14th Field Artillery, French Army, opened his school in the handling of the French automatic rifle. Other schools were opened almost every day. This, together with the tightening up of discipline, meant business. All day long and sometimes all night the men were out on the cold New England fields and forests. As winter

drew on it became known that there was a slight shortage of overcoats, and there were still 10,920 men of the first draft yet to come in. But the authorities found ways to keep the men warm until the overcoats arrived, and the training went on unabated.

The first bombing field to be established in America was laid out at Camp Devens under the direction of Lieutenant Mallet, the French instructor in that art. It was a sea of shell holes and torn ground. There didn't seem to be any system to it. But there was, and day by day the men learned more and more about that system from behind the concrete wall where they threw their grenades.

Target practice started for the whole division on November 20. A huge rifle range had been constructed across the main road between Ayer and Shirley from the camp. It was a cold day when the first shots were fired, but every man on that range was just aching to get out to the firing point and cuddle the butt of his rifle against his cheek and fire his first shot. General Hodges was down to see how his men would shoot on the first day and he went back to Headquarters the happiest man in fourteen counties, for these lads could shoot naturally. Yes, he was happy despite the fact that each regiment in his division was shy at least 400 men. For if all the men yet to come were like these it would be almost no trouble at all to make soldiers of them.

On November 22 the advance guard of the British instructors arrived. They came straight from the trenches to co-operate with their brothers-in-arms of the French Army in whipping the Yankees into shape for service "over there." They were Captain E. O. Hodson, Rifle Brigade, and Company Sergeant-Major R. V. Larkin, instructors in machine gunnery; Captain J. W. Turner and Sergeant A. Lewis, instructors in gas defense; Captain J. E. L. Warren and Sergeant T. Moyles, instructors in the trench mortar, and Captain J. E. Hughes and Sergeant W. A. Ropen, instructors in bayonet fighting.

In November came the first definite announcement as to how the men from the various states, who had been inducted into the service up to that time, had shaped up physically. From September 5 to November 10, there had been rejected for physical reasons 4,281 men. Of these 2,008 were from Massachusetts, 1,012 from Connecticut, 620 from New York, 231 from Rhode Island, 199 from Maine, 130 from New Hampshire and 81 from Vermont. This, considering the mistakes that were bound to occur while the draft machinery was getting under way, was considered a creditable record.

Chapter X

THE 76TH STANDS INSPECTION

There had been many big movements of troops into Camp Devens up to this time, but the biggest movement out of camp up to that time came on the day before Thanksgiving, when 20,000 New England soldiers went to their homes to celebrate the great New England feast day. It seemed as though the stream of trains that puffed out of Ayer would never end, but it did, and the lads got home. Besides these who went to their homes, 1,000 more were dined by families in and around Ayer; another exhibition of the patriotic spirit of Ayer people.

But those who remained in camp, and there were approximately 7,000 of them, didn't suffer by any means. The home folks who were drawing mental pictures of their sons eating slumgullion at Camp Devens on Thanksgiving day, would have received a shock could they have looked into the mess halls at dinner time. These 7,000 men had 15,000 pounds of turkey cooked for them, with a reserve of 35,000 pounds in case the first meal should prove insufficient. They had cranberries, nuts, cake, candy, ice cream, cigars, cigarettes—everything that an epicure could possibly think of to tickle the palate and comfort the inner man, comfort him until he rolled groaning upon his bunk. Pies arrived in camp by the motor truck load, good old-fashioned New England pies of flaky crust and generous "innards," so that the only thing that was missing was the home folks and the faces of loved ones. And in many cases they were on hand, too, for where it was possible to do so the home folks didn't bother getting dinner at home. They came to Camp Devens and had dinner on the Government, and Uncle Sam was glad to have them. The dinner was the big incident of the day, but there were many other features—dances, shows and concerts galore.

There is one little incident that deserves mention in this little story of Camp Devens. It is one of the things that we like to remember about New England people. One little woman up in Nashua, New Hampshire, wrote to the commanding general asking to have a "lonely soldier" sent to her house for Thanksgiving dinner. She wrote:

"I don't care who you send me. No matter if they can't speak English even. If they're good enough to fight for my home, they're good enough to eat at my table."

It takes all kinds to make a world, of course, and while it is so much more pleasant to remember only the good and forget what little of the unpleasant there was, there is another incident, in direct contrast to the above, that is too rich to be forgotten.

Another woman, much better supplied with this world's goods than the little New Hampshire woman, wrote asking that forty soldiers be sent to her house for dinner. It wasn't on Thanksgiving day, but it was not so very long afterwards. In her letter she specified that she did not want any men "of Hebrew or Irish extraction." No comment on the feelings of the officer who received the letter is necessary. He sent the forty men and none of them could be accused of being either Irish or Hebrew. He sent the woman forty lads from the sunny Southland—colored soldiers from Florida. No acknowledgment of his favor has been received to date. The men had a good time, despite the "sudden illness" of the hostess.

Just after Thanksgiving the 76th Division temporarily lost its commander. General Hodges, accompanied by a few of his personal staff, left quietly one day and was not seen at Camp Devens for several weeks. They went to France for a tour of the battle lines. With their departure Brigadier-General William Weigel, commander of the 151st Depot Brigade, and later a major-general himself, took command of the camp and the division.

Soon after General Hodges' departure came the first inspection of the whole 76th Division. The occasion was the visit of Assistant Secretary of War Benedict Crowell. A big review had been planned at first, but on his arrival in Boston, Secretary Crowell talked with Headquarters by telephone, and it was decided to hold the inspection instead. One battalion of troops was reviewed, however; the first battalion of the 303d Infantry, hailing from Schenectady, New York, and vicinity, and commanded by Major W. H. Neil. Major-General John L. Chamberlain of the Inspector General's Department accompanied Secretary Crowell.

This inspection of the 76th was one of the most peculiar affairs that Camp Devens had seen up to this time. For the men were lined along the sides of the roads through the camp, miles and miles of them. They were cold and uncomfortable, standing for hours in the slush and snow, waiting until the secretary had passed them. The inspecting party rode in twelve automobiles. They drove at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour. The entire inspection lasted about an hour.

The one thrill of the day was furnished by Major Reginald Barlow's battalion of the 302d Infantry. For the benefit of the secretary, and in order that he might see the men in action, a specimen of the training that was being carried on by the authorities was given.

Major Barlow stood at the top of a hill near the post-office. At the base of the hill in trenches were Companies A and C of the 302d. These companies were made up of men from Fall River, and were commanded by Lieutenant Robert Cutler. At a blast of Major Barlow's whistle two waves of men charged up the hill, over two lines of trenches, through barbed wire and shell holes and down the other side, jabbing their bayonets into dummies.

"Remember, only six inches of steel and don't dirty the hilt," warned Major Barlow as his men passed. It was neatly done and won the praise of the visitors.

And Company A of the 301st Infantry had its barracks inspected, an unpopular event, even when the inspection is by your own officers. But Mess Sergeant William F. Norton of East Boston found out somehow that General Chamberlain likes fresh shoulder with lots of fat on it, and so the shoulder was there to be inspected. After it was over and the sighs of relief had been drawn and drawn again, it was agreed that the secretary and the general "look at every last thing and don't say much." They sampled some things, too.

General Weigel then asked: "Where do we go now?" "That bakery smelled awfully good," smiled Secretary Crowell, but the party went to the general's house for lunch.

During his visit Secretary Baker's representative saw some of the difficulties of training a division at Camp Devens in winter, but he didn't see them all, for the weather was "sloppy" while he was there. Ice and slippery roads and grounds, coupled with bitter New England winter weather, made the lot of the doughboy a hard one. Sometimes it was more than 30 degrees below zero, and at least one fatality was due to the ice. While drilling one day Alfiero Olivelli of 21 Salem Street, Boston, a member of Company M, 301st Infantry, slipped and fell on the ice, striking his head and receiving injuries which resulted in his death a few hours later. On the same day, Herman F. Wood of Fall River narrowly missed death when the man in front of him slipped and his rifle struck Wood on the head, rendering him unconscious.

The 301st and 302d Artillery had their troubles with the icy roads, too. They had just received their horses when the bitter weather set in, and their task in leading and exercising their mounts was to keep on their feet themselves, keep the horses on their feet, if possible and, if they did fall, to keep from falling under the feet of the horses.

For a time it looked as though the Depot Brigade men might be training for service in France ahead of the division, for during this cold weather many of them were living in the trenches,

sleeping under ground and getting hardened generally. At this time it was so cold that it was impossible for the men to fire their rifles on the rifle range. And it was regular trench life that these men were living in the trenches. It was almost as much as your life was worth to try and visit the trenches at night, but the officers and men both appreciated visitors just the same. One newspaper correspondent tried it alone one night. He knew where the trenches were, and in the blackness he groped his way to them safely. Suddenly, however, he was nearly startled out of his skin by a voice of a sentry behind him. A bayonet crept up close to his back and he was ordered to proceed to Battalion Headquarters. At last a dugout was reached, and the sentry announced that he had a prowler but didn't know whether to place him under formal arrest or not.

"Major," cried the scribe, without giving the officer any identification, "I've got a thermos of hot coffee and some doughnuts and sandwiches and . . . "

"Come right in out of the dark," cried the voice heartily, and without asking who it was. "No, sentry, this man is not under arrest. He is a friend, a friend indeed!"

And the sentry went back to his post wishing he had searched his prisoner first.

Many of the weather difficulties were soon at least partially overcome, however. Many of the companies had creepers issued to them so that the danger of slipping on the ice was practically done away with. Nevertheless a little ditty known as the Devens Weather Dirge became very popular. It ran:

"Sherman said that war was Hell,
'Twas fifty years ago,
But Sherman never was at Ayer,
So Sherman didn't know.
Hell is hot but Ayer is not,
It's twenty-eight below;
That's why we're going over there."

Chorus

"Hip, hip, hurrah, we'll give them three times three!
Hip, hip, hurrah, no more cold Ayer for me.
Sherman said that war was Hell
But Hell would freeze in Ayer,
That's why we're going over there."

At intervals the cold was so intense that drilling out of doors was impossible, but on these occasions the drill would be carried on in the barracks, and in one building a machine gun emplacement was built and the training went on regardless of weather.

The first machine gun was actually fired at Camp Devens on December 5. "Top Sergeant" Charles B. Farrington of Company C, 302d Machine Gun Battalion, fired the first shot, and the excitement and joy of the men as that indescribable "rat-tat-tat-tat" echoed over the snowy land and the bullets kicked up snow and dirt in the embankment several hundred yards away was worth going miles to see and hear. The first machine guns issued at Ayer were Colts that had been built for the Russian Government, so straightway they were christened "Kerenskies." And as the first little "Kerensky" barked forth 45 shots in less than five seconds, the men just wriggled with delight and yelled: "O, come hither, you Huns!"

And right at the beginning the New England machine gunners started clipping records. The British instructors told Company C of the 301st Machine Gun Battalion how to mount them and instructed them in detail as to the British system. They said that the Tommies at the start usually took about 15 seconds to mount them. Lieutenant George C. Wilkins gave it to thirty of his men and they did it the first time in nine seconds flat, beating the Britishers by six seconds.

The British officers and non-commissioned officers took a mighty interest in their protégés. They liked them and they wanted to impart to them all they knew of the war game. Their bayonet instruction was little short of marvelous, and

the Yankee lads soon came to understand what their instructors meant by getting the punch behind the bayonet work. So well did the Englishmen teach these lads of ours, that pretty soon it was hard to realize that it was only dummies these boys were charging and stabbing.

The British theory was, apparently, that when you charge a German you can win half your victory by scaring him. And in order to scare him it is necessary to put the yell of a Comanche warrior into the sucking dove class and to make the face look as nearly as possible like a concentrated reproduction of Dante's vision. After our lads got into their stride it was extremely ludicrous to see the expressions that would spread over the faces of visitors who happened to wander into a bayonet class in action. For the yells of these youngsters were hair-raising and sometimes their language in addressing the dummies was not the kind to be found in a Sunday School quarterly.

Their instructions from the British noncoms. were something along this line:

"Blat at 'im like a bloody banshee! Cuss 'im off the fyce o' the earth. Look at 'im so bleedin' fierce that 'ee'll think yer goin' t' bloody well chaw 'im h'up, 'stead o' stickin' 'im with yer byonet. 'Owl at 'im like 'ee'd stole yer lawst drop o' rum. Roar at the blighter like a lot o' bloody lions wot's off their feed. Now go at 'em again!"

With teeth gritted in a perfect frenzy of rage, and yelling like young Sioux braves, the class in bayonet instruction would charge the dummies. It sounded pretty good to them, and when it was over they turned and looked at their British friend expectantly.

"That," said the Britisher bitterly, "was a 'ell of a mess! W'y do yer want t' h'apologize t' the bounder? 'Ere, give us yer byonet!"

Taking the rifle and bayonet and throwing his British cap to one side the cockney backed off, eyeing the dummy nearest

him malevolently. His eyes gleamed brighter and brighter and fiercer and fiercer and his lips began to curl back over his teeth in a fiendish snarl. Suddenly he crouched, ripping off a string of curses that would make the blood of a thug run cold. Then, with a screech of fury that fairly raised the hair on the heads of his pupils, he leaped at the dummy and sank the cold steel into its wishbone, assuming that it had one. At least the thrust was where the wishbone ought to be.

"That's summat like it," he said as he turned toward his class. "But," apologetically, "H'im a little bit orf form myself just now."

And people used to think of military training simply as marching and drilling!

Yes, indeed, many a good New Englander got the start of his or her life, as the case happened to be, on suddenly running into a piece of real fighting training in progress. It took them a little time to get used to it, for at first they couldn't seem to realize that these things were being taught their boys in order to save life, that is, American life.

Later on battles were fought at Camp Devens almost every day, and many a man was "bunged up" in those battles, literally as well as figuratively. Black eyes and bloody noses were almost sure to follow bayonet attacks, and bruises were commonplace, for these men were going at it in earnest.

Many a visitor to Camp Devens just happened in on a "battle." One example is as good as another. Picture for a moment:

A whistle sounded shrilly in a deserted farmyard, which was now a part of the cantonment. It brought Lieutenant "Tommy" Thatcher, Harvard football player before he went to bayoneting, jack-in-the-boxing out of a deep trench. He was followed by seven others.

Up a steep they scooted, their rifles gripped and wicked gray steel showing deadly in the sunlight. They reached the crest and there the hill dropped perpendicularly. With a yell

and a snarl and a growl (these chaps had learned the trick from the Britishers)—all rolled into one utterance—they leaped into the air and down to the ground eight feet below.

Before even their feet had touched the earth their bayonets were buried in sandbags, which represented the enemy. Almost in the same movement the bayonets had been jerked out again. The eight men sped on in an even line for another ten yards and each bayonet found another mark, a "German" dummy of reeds suspended from a gallows.

The line of men moved on faster for another twenty yards to another line of dummies, another gnashing shout, another jabbing and still another charge, on to a third line of "Germans." Then came the biggest test of all.

Lieutenant Thatcher's head peered over the top just long enough for him to glimpse the target. Then he gave his orders. The muzzles of eight rifles nosed swiftly out over the terrain and forty shots rang out in almost as many seconds. Almost every bullet found its mark in the silhouetted heads of Fritzies, Heinies and Hunies, which were nestled against a hillside, some distance away.

This was known as the assault course.

It was the same in almost every arm of the service. The men were being taught what they had to do under, as nearly as was possible, the conditions under which they would have to do it. They weren't just being told. They were being shown, and after they were shown they were doing it.

When the war training for the 76th Division really started there were 34 different schools running in various parts of the cantonment. Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Croft was head of the entire group of schools, and Lieutenant-Colonel Charles E. Romeyn was in command of the school of the army. They weren't all fighting schools, of course. There were cooking schools and horseshoeing schools and saddlers' schools and equitation schools and schools of field fortifications and almost every kind of military school you could think of. But

they were graduating classes fast, for their students were bright and eager and willing.

And as they progressed their training became more technical and difficult. There were accidents, of course. It is hardly possible to play with fire continually without getting burned. But the victims of the accidents usually had the satisfaction of knowing that their misfortune had warned hundreds of their buddies. One man, however, was the victim of one of the most deplorable accidents that happened at Camp Devens during the entire history of the camp. He was Corporal Timothy J. Daley of Waterbury, Connecticut. During bayonet practice one day he ran upon the bayonet of another man and was almost instantly killed. He was a most popular lad and a very promising young man. His death in such an unfortunate manner cast a gloom over the entire camp.

Chapter XI

CHRISTMAS AND PROGRESS

December 13 was Connecticut's day at Camp Devens. Governor Marcus H. Holcomb came. He watched the 304th Infantry—that wonderful regiment composed almost exclusively of Connecticut men—go through its newly learned paces in the trenches. He saw all the various methods of attack and defense that they had learned up to this time, and the governor, getting along in years, enjoyed every minute of it.

Then he addressed them, the regiment having been gathered together, for he had brought among other things from their home state a message that they were to carry with them during the rest of their military service. And, also, he had that which every soldier should treasure among the dearest of his military possessions, a stand of colors for the regiment. It was an American flag given to the 304th Infantry by the citizens of Connecticut.

In a stirring speech to these men of his native state, Governor Holcomb also gave them a piece of advice, which, as nearly as can be ascertained, was followed by every man who had an opportunity to put it into practice. Raising his right arm high above his head, his whole frame vibrating with feeling, Governor Holcomb cried:

"When you go over, men, shoot straight and take damned few prisoners!"

Colonel J. S. Herron, commander of the 304th, responded feelingly to the governor's address, accepting the colors on behalf of the regiment, and assuring the governor that they would be guarded with the life of every officer and man in the outfit. The flag was turned over to Color Sergeant Charles Jackson of Waterbury, Connecticut. Then followed a review of the 304th

Infantry and also of the 303d Machine Gun Battalion, which contained many Connecticut men. Major Fred C. Bradford commanded the Machine Gun Battalion.

Devens men hailed with delight the opportunity offered by the Government for enlisted men to become officers if they had the necessary qualifications and could "deliver the goods." It was a fine Christmas present for several hundred men, when they found that they had been named by their commanding officers as eligible for the O. T. C. Many men applied, but as is always the case, comparatively few were chosen. Five hundred and twenty-four men from Camp Devens got the opportunity to start the course, but it was a rigid one, and many were disqualified early in the game. Approximately half of the number who started finished the course.

Lieutenant-Colonel Moor N. Falls, who went over to France with General Pershing and then returned to help train men, was named as commander of the school. The other officers of the school were Captain Joseph Sidorowicz, adjutant; Lieutenant W. H. Rumpf, assistant adjutant; Captain Birnie L. Brunson, quartermaster; Lieutenant Roy B. Kenyon, assistant quartermaster. The instructors were Major Ralph Lowell, Depot Brigade; Captain John C. Shaw, Depot Brigade; Captain D. G. Hunter, Depot Brigade; Captain P. A. Merriam, Depot Brigade; Captain C. K. Clark, Depot Brigade; Captain Alex Kendall, Depot Brigade; Captain Robert C. Booth, 303d Infantry; Lieutenant George Cockrell, Divisional Trains; Lieutenant P. D. Hill, 301st Infantry, and Lieutenants F. B. Sampson, Clarence B. MacNeill, H. B. Hinman and J. A. McCarthy.

The school started on January 5 and lasted until April 5, and some of the boys who thought they had worked hard before found that they had another think coming after they got into the Officers' Training School. It was one of the most gruelling tests any men were called upon to undergo in training, but it turned out a fine body of officers.

There aren't many men who will forget their first Christmas in the army. Nor their second, either, for that matter. But the first one was perhaps the more memorable of the two, so far as Camp Devens was concerned, for these lads were so recently away from home, and the thoughts of the home folks were centered on them, while their thoughts were on where they might be spending the next Christmas, their hope being, of course, that they would be back home by that time.

It seemed as though everybody set out to see how much they could heap on the men in the army in the way of Christmas presents. It happened at Camp Devens that an epidemic of measles was raging, and for that reason comparatively few men got to their homes. Only about 4,000, as a matter of fact, while some 21,000 remained in camp.

The pity of it is that the people of New England couldn't have spent Christmas eve of 1917 at Camp Devens, for they would have learned more things about Christmas spirit there than in a lifetime in civilian life. It is well-nigh useless to try to paint a word picture of the scene. But just one little incident, one that was typical of the spirit throughout the entire cantonment, brought moisture to the eyes of just about everybody who saw it, and at the same time a glow somewhere within the body, at the center of whatever it is that governs our emotions. A religious person would call it the soul.

But religious or not, no one who was there will ever forget their feelings at seeing whole companies and regiments of khaki-clad young men gathered together in the wet snow and the darkness, while bright Christmas lights pierced the black and sparkled out a Yuletide greeting, and as the hosts gathered around a huge Christmas tree erected in the snow, "O, Come, All Ye Faithful" echoed out across those barren white plains from the throats of hundreds of strong, clean, virile young men. You may have heard the Christmas carols on Beacon Hill on Christmas eve or in the snowy square of your own particular home town, but these lonesome boys lifting their fresh, deep

young voices in praise to the Prince of Peace struck a new chord, a chord that will vibrate in the hearts of New England folks for many a long year to come, whether they were there to hear it or not. The last notes of the grand old hymn died away on the chilly air, and swiftly and silently the men passed on into the night.

Christmas day was just about a repetition of Thanksgiving, except that there were three times as many men in camp to participate in the celebration. There was a Christmas dinner that would put the choicest offering of many a first-class hotel to shame, and there was so much of it that even the most determined were obliged to give up despairingly and cry, "enough."

But there was one thing that marred something of the Christmas joy for some of the older officers. It was just about this time that they began to read the handwriting on the wall as to the fate of the 76th Division. These men of wide military experience began to see, with the orders coming one after the other for the transfer of men out of the ranks of the division, that there was little chance of its entering the fight across the water as a unit. And that made them sad, for, regardless of their previous affiliations, they had come to love this big New England fighting organization, and they wanted to see it given a chance to prove itself as a unit.

Early in January, 1,650 men—a mere handful—were transferred from the Depot Brigade to the division ranks. But against this number some 10,000 had been transferred to other units from the ranks of the division. Just as soon as they would get one group well trained, orders would come to send them off somewhere else. It was heart-breaking. And they knew in their hearts that it could only mean that the 76th Division, N. A., was destined to become a Depot Division, one from which drafts of men may be drawn to fill gaping ranks in other units.

This is typical of what was happening: Soon after the 1,650

men referred to above were transferred from the Depot Brigade to the division, orders came to send 1,775 more men to Camp Greene at Charlotte, North Carolina. When an order of this kind came through practically every unit in the division was hit by it. In the instance of these 1,775 they were selected as follows: 65 from the 302d Machine Gun Battalion, 239 from the 301st Infantry, 311 from the 302d Infantry, 317 from the 303d Infantry, 318 from the 304th Infantry, 25 from the 303d Machine Gun Battalion, and only 500 from the 151st Depot Brigade.

This transfer left a scant 25,000 men in camp, while about 15,000 had been transferred to other divisions, and many of them were already overseas. It was typical of the 76th Division's hard luck.

During the first winter an order came through from Washington to have a seal designed for the division. At that time it was not stated what the seal was to be used for and few realized that, instead of a seal, it was really an insignia that was required. Major James Amory Sullivan, commander of the 303d Machine Gun Battalion and a widely known Boston artist, was asked if he would undertake the work, which he did, designing and painting a very beautiful and appropriate emblem. The crest of the seal was made up of the emblems of the various arms of the service, including a hand grenade. The upper strip of the seal itself contained the emblem of the eldest son, a bar and three triangles, the meaning being that the 76th Division was the first National Army Division to be drawn from New England. The shield or main body of the seal was a white background bearing an up-rooted tree with thirteen leaves. The uprooted tree represented the sons of New England taken from their homes and sent to France to fight, while the thirteen leaves were the thirteen original states. At the top of the crest appeared an unfinished wagon wheel, meaning a task not yet completed. Back of it all and supporting the shield itself were the figures 76, denoting the number of the

division, and, incidentally, the year of the Declaration of Independence.

Later it became known that what was wanted was an insignia to be stenciled on all baggage and to be worn on the shoulder as a distinctive divisional emblem. This beautiful seal was too complicated for this purpose, so, after the 76th got to France, the outline of the ship Mayflower was adopted.

The Liberty Theater, something hitherto undreamed of as a part of the equipment necessary for training men to fight, was opened at Camp Devens on February 11 of 1918. It was a regular theater built to accommodate nearly 3,000 men, paid for by the Government, through the War Camp Community Service, run by soldiers and financially self-supporting. The actors were temporary Government employees, and more than a dozen stock companies were organized to tour the cantonments in the United States and play in the Liberty Theaters. The Devens Liberty Theater opened with "Baby Mine," followed by "Kick In." The companies were good and the actors and actresses did real patriotic service. When there were no real plays offered, moving pictures were shown at the theater, and it afforded the men a place inside the camp for their amusement.

Then, too, companies of actors playing at Boston theaters were coming to Camp Devens on Sunday afternoons. On one memorable occasion Major Henry L. Higginson, the Boston banker, brought up an array of theatrical stars such as is seldom found gathered together except in the festivities of the Friars' Club or the annual Lambs' Gambol. No admission was charged to these latter entertainments, and the men were able to see free an entertainment that a city audience would have paid enormous prices to attend. It spoke well for the spirit of the theatrical people of America when they were willing, repeatedly, to give their only rest day to the soldiers.

Major-General Hodges returned from France on February 13, just in time to see the last 15 per cent of the first draft come

in. While abroad he had taken a course of instruction at the battle front, spending ten days with the British, a like period with the French and some time in the American training areas and at American Headquarters. With his return training was accelerated to an even greater degree.

The lesson of what the army does for a young man was never better taught than by the comparison between the men of the first quotas to reach camp and the men who came in as the last 15 per cent. It was the usual contrast between "rookies" and veterans, and the "rookies" themselves noticed the difference and dug in their toes to catch up. There were about 6,000 men in this last 15 per cent.

Naturally they had to stand a lot of "joshing" from their brothers who had been "in" longer. But it was good-natured fun for the most part. On the night of the arrival of the last of these 6,000, when a dozen or more of the new ones were gathered together in a barrack room, there was a sudden backfire from a motorcycle far enough down the company street so that the noise of the motor could not be heard. But the report was heard all right, and as it echoed through the building a groan escaped from a newly made sergeant.

"There!" he wailed. "That's what they get for letting these "rookies" go around as soon as they get here without telling them the pass word! Another one shot, and now we'll have to pick him up and bury him in the morning!"

He was a good actor, but he had hard work restraining his laughter as half a dozen pale-faced "rookies" quietly slipped away toward their bunks. How were they to know that pass words weren't used at Camp Devens?

It wasn't until March that the 301st Field Artillery and the 302d and 303d Infantry Regiments got their regimental colors. And when they did receive them there was little that was spectacular about the ceremony. The regimental flags for these three regiments were presented by the National First Aid Association of America. Three representatives of the associa-

This is What the English Instructor Taught Devens Doughboys to Do, and They Were Apt Pupils—Disarming an Enemy Bare-Handed

"Don't Dirty the Hilt!" Bayonet Practice with Gas Masks

Learning to Feed Hungry Guns

Ready for Action and Still at Camp Devens

The "No Man's Land" at Devens

Though These Trenches Look Very Much Like Those Official War Pictures Taken in France, They Were Built by the 301st Engineers at Camp Devens

Photo by International Film Service, Inc.

THE SMILE THAT CAME FROM DIXIE TO DEVENS

AND THE DUSKY LADS COULD SOLDIER, TOO!

tion were about the only civilians at the presentation. They were Roscoe Green Wells, vice-president; Mrs. Wells, secretary, and Miss Elizabeth Warner, a member. They all came from Arlington, Massachusetts, and brought the flags with them, and they never made gifts that were appreciated more.

On March 18 came the welcome news that the 76th Division was to be filled up to war strength, the men to do this coming from the second draft. The division as a skeleton organization was a highly trained outfit, and the way they absorbed the new material, once it began to arrive, was one of the most wonderful things about the organization of the division as it sailed away. Just before the second draft order was issued, however, came orders from the War Department prohibiting the voluntary induction of men into the service before they were called in the draft. Many of the young men were getting impatient at the delay and were throwing up their jobs and reporting at camp of their own accord. They were all accepted up to the time of the receipt of the order, of course. The first quotas of the second draft began to arrive on March 29, and on that day 2,700 of them came in.

As the others arrived the real training of the division began. Those who had been in the service through the winter were trained soldiers by now, of course, but through the winter what they had done had been "marking time" compared to the brand of training that was started with the arrival of spring.

For one thing, real artillery fire began in March. A fine artillery range was ready out in the wild country back of the camp, and, on March 25, Battery C of the 302d Field Artillery went out there with their four eighteen-pounders. Corporal Earl J. Place, a Newport, Vermont, boy sent the first shell, fired by a cannon of the 76th Division, whistling and screeching away to destruction, firing at a point on a Harvard hillside a mile and a half away. And ten seconds later the other three pieces of the battery had boomed forth their first shots.

The big German drive was in full swing over in France and

the Huns were sweeping onward day by day. So this intensive training was just "candy" for the New Englanders, who were impatient over their prolonged stay in this country. The foreign attachés showed how they felt about the advance of the Germans by the way they went after the training of the 76th Division, but they couldn't drive the Yanks a bit too hard to suit them.

Chapter XII

FINISHING TOUCHES

All during the spring days field maneuvers were going on out on the various ranges around Ayer, Shirley, Harvard, Bolton and Lancaster. Just about every kind of fighting known to man or beast was being practised. During the days the cantonment proper looked almost deserted, but the countryside was resounding with the thunder of artillery, the crash of grenades and one-pounder cannon, the "rat-tat-tat-tat" of machine guns and automatic rifles, the desultory or rapid fire of rifles and the shouts and yells of charging hordes of helmeted, khaki-clad New England doughboys.

At night the sky was aflame with star shells and rockets and colored fire, while out in the darkness New England lads were in the trenches or crawling silently across some "No Man's Land," while machine guns sent a deadly hail over their backs at some invisible "enemy." And many a lad, worming his way through the darkness of some Camp Devens "battlefield," thought of his buddies over there in France, who were probably doing the same thing, only in the face of a real enemy instead of an imaginery or "friendly" one, where death might lurk behind the next shadow. The longing in the heart of the lad on the New England "battlefield" needs neither comment nor description.

And all through these days and nights the best kind of sporting spirit was ripening into a real friendship between the officers and men of this National Army. The men were good soldiers. They knew the meaning of discipline and they knew how to observe it. And out of this knowledge had grown the friendship that they had hardly ever thought existed on the part of their officers. A couple of incidents help to define it:

Colonel Frank Tompkins, commander of the 301st Infantry, found a young officer trying to show a "rookie" how to fire a rifle in the army way. The colonel watched for a moment and then told the officer to let the boy fire in his own way. The "rookie," glad of this opportunity to show how he could shoot if let alone, took a new position and fired, making two bull's-eyes in succession.

"Now," said Colonel Tompkins smiling, "you fire your way and I'll fire in the army way, and I'll shoot you five shots for a twenty-four hour pass."

The lad laughed and agreed to this eagerly. But Colonel Tompkins made a score of twenty-four out of a possible twenty-five and won, leaving the lad far behind. The "rookie" recognized the lesson and settled down to learn that army method or bust. At the same time he had gained a mighty respect for the colonel. That incident is typical of Colonel Tompkins.

And another incident, involving a colonel whom one of the colored draftees who came in from Florida on the last day of March, described as "de boss with dem birds on his collah":

This particular colonel was passing one of the barracks in the Depot Brigade occupied by the colored soldiers. The big black fellow was leaning up against the building reading a letter, and the colonel passed right by him, but the man did not salute or even notice that an officer was present. So the colonel spoke to him about it very kindly, starting in to explain to him why he should salute all officers. The moment the colonel spoke, however, the darky straightened up and snapped off a salute that nearly threw him off his feet.

"Suh," he said earnestly, "Suh, Ah done knows dat Ah ought to have saluted yuh, suh, but dis yere lettah f'um mah Annabelle is jes' so daggone drippin' with love dat Ah done fergit all about yo' ahmy fo' a moment, suh. Ah sho' would admiah t' have yuh excuse me, suh, an' Ah suttinly won't fergit agin, suh, Annabelle or no Annabelle, suh."

The colonel laughed, returned the salute and walked away.

The darky ran for the barracks and told his dusky brethren about it and they all set out hunting for officers to salute.

There were nearly 2,000 colored troops in Camp Devens at this time. They were sent to the New England cantonment to form labor battalions, and they came in clad in light suits and straw hats, luckily just in time to miss most of the cold weather. The skilled men among them were singled out for special service, and all the rest became laborers. They were quartered separately from the white soldiers, and by their light-heartedness and love of fun, coupled with their peculiar expressions, they proved a never-failing reservoir of fun and good cheer to the whole camp.

On April 19 the Officers' Training School at Camp Devens came to a close, with a series of joyful and informal parties that ranked with anything of the kind that had ever been held before in the whole history of the camp. It had been the hardest fifteen weeks in the experience of most of the lads who graduated, and when it was over and the opportunity came to relax and lark a little, they welcomed it with all the enthusiasm of their youth.

Of the school that was started in January only about 400 were graduated. Many had dropped out during the course and there were about 100 who did not graduate, though they were recommended to be sent to the next school and given another chance.

Those young men who were commissioned, however, will never forget the day of their graduation, for they heard a personal talk from the commanding general himself, something they had not had before. It was the admonition of an old soldier to a group of young ones, and they paid great heed to General Hodges' message to them as they started out to wear shoulder straps.

The general's message was typically American. Its substance was: "Above all you must be just."

"Play no favorites and show absolute fairness with your men,

if you are to be good officers. Put aside all thought of personal reward and devote your whole service to your country. You must respect your men, too, and by your respect you will win theirs."

This was the soldier's creed set forth by General Hodges. And he spoke words of encouragement to those who failed, telling them that, simply because they had not been given their commissions at the end of the first course, it did not signify that they would never be commissioned or that they would not make good officers.

Lieutenant-Colonel Moor N. Falls, commander of the school, also spoke to the men, congratulating them on the manner in which they had applied themselves to the difficult task of winning a commission and thanking them for the help they had given him in making the school a success. He expressed his personal pride in each and every one of them.

On April 23 the 301st Engineers were presented with their regimental colors. The beautiful scarlet flag was a gift of H. J. Lynd of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, who took a great personal interest in this Rhode Island Regiment. The presentation of the flag made one of the prettiest ceremonies yet seen at Camp Devens, for these Rhode Island lads were full of pep and ginger, and when they did a thing it came pretty near being done right. The flag was turned over to Major J. Edward Cassidy by Captain H. E. Porter, the adjutant.

It was not until April 26, 1918, "Liberty day," that Major-General Hodges saw his entire command brought together on one field, and New England folks who made it a point to be there got some idea of the actual size of a modern Army Division. It was all right to tell them that here were more men in a single fighting machine than we had in our entire army at the time of the Spanish War, but until they saw those uniformed hosts sweep confidently onto the great parade field and wheel smoothly into line, while ten huge military bands played brisk martial music, they didn't quite grasp the magnitude of

it. This was truly an historic event for New England. And because the War Department had only ordered the review the day before it took place, there was no chance to let people know about it in time for them to plan to be there, so there were only about 500 people present from outside the camp.

In May there was started another school, in addition to the thirty odd that were still running. But the latest school, while it was chiefly for the instruction of staff and field officers, from the commanding general down, and was known as the Staff and Field Officers' School, took in practically every officer and man in the division before it was over. The school was run under the direction of Major M. F. Day of the British General Staff, assisted by the other British officers already stationed at the camp; Major Rosseau, Captain Roussel, Captain Filipo, all of the French Mission, and other French and British officers who had been training the men of the division for weeks.

The course lasted for three weeks. The part the men had in it was important, for they participated in all kinds of maneuvers in larger bodies than ever before. Battalions of infantry were moved out to the artillery and combat ranges at Still River, and here they camped for days, "fighting battles" day and night under all kinds of conditions and under nearly all kinds of fire.

When the Staff School started the men of the 76th Division got their first taste of advancing under their own barrage. For the guns of the artillery were thundering every day, sending streams of shells out over the rugged landscape and tearing it to pieces. Close in under these shells the lads of New England learned to advance.

And every arm of the service, with the exception of the liquid flame fighters, got a chance to put what they had learned into practice. There were "casualties" in every engagement, almost. At first these "casualties" struck the men as being funny. A line of men would be advancing, when

suddenly several messengers would dash up and thrust pieces of paper into the hands of several men in each "wave." Immediately these men would drop to the ground, and pretty soon along would come stretcher bearers and first-aid men. On the piece of paper in each man's hand would be a description of the "wound" he had received. If the wound was a minor one the man might be carried back to the dressing station for treatment. If it was major, however, he would be "plugged," bound and given first-aid treatment right then and there and then carried back to the dressing station for further treatment.

All kinds of accidents were arranged. Wires were cut by enemy prowlers and by shell fire. Parties of men got lost. Everything that could happen under actual war conditions did happen under the sham conditions, and both officers and men learned what to do. Following each maneuver the staff and field officers gathered and held critiques, while the foreign veterans listened and instructed and explained. It was wonderful training, and training that both officers and men were to appreciate later on.

In the meantime the division was filling up still more. A new Officers' Training School was started in May with nearly 1,000 candidates, part of whom came from colleges and universities throughout New England. But to replace these men some 2,200 recruits arrived at Devens from Camp Upton, New York, on May 21. Of course the division was glad to get them and they were good soldiers and good fellows for the most part, but some felt that by failing to keep the division primarily and fundamentally a New England outfit, valuable spirit was lost. And all the time New England men were being sent to other camps to fill up other divisions. It did seem as though the filling up of the 76th might have been done from New England. But the regiments were brought up to war strength, and, after all, that was the main point.

While the training of the 76th Division was being rushed to a close, changes and additional departures were of almost daily

occurrence in the cantonment, which would go on training troops long after the 76th Division sailed for France.

On June 3 the entire camp was startled by the announcement that 100 German prisoners of war had arrived from the prison camp at Fort McPherson, Georgia. These men had all been sailors on the German sea raider *Kronprinz Wilhelm.* But Camp Devens proper didn't see them at all, for they came up in charge of 25 Regular Army doughboys and one officer, and were sent to a War Prison Barracks that had been established out in the vicinity of Still River. Here the Government had leased more than 200 acres of fertile farm land, and it was proposed to have the German prisoners work the farms that would furnish much subsistence for Camp Devens.

Then a "new stunt" was announced whereby men who were physically unqualified for active military service were to be given a system of training and treatment that would cure them and make them fit. All such men were transferred into one group which became known as the Development Battalion. Later there were four Development Battalions, each for certain kinds of physical defects.

Many a man who was just aching to get across to France to fight, but who was prevented from so doing because he was sent to the Development Battalion, was utterly miserable there until he was cured and sent to a fighting outfit. But there was a large and ever growing suspicion among many of the medical officers that the Development Battalions provided a safe hiding place for a considerable number of shirkers who were willing to endure almost anything rather than go across to France. Some were cured and sent off anyway, but others stayed there until the end of the war, if they were clever enough to fool the doctors. One thing is certain, that when demobilization orders came through and it was stipulated that only men who were physically fit should be discharged at once, more remarkable and swift cures were effected in the Development Battalions than in any other outfits.

And in June, too, while the training of the division was being rushed to a close, the trade tests system was inaugurated at Camp Devens. Through these tests every man had to show the military authorities the goods before he was assigned to any special brand of work. There were tests for automobile men, carpenters, blacksmiths, electricians, masons, stenographers, etc., and lists were made up showing which men had qualified in the various branches of work. So when an organization wanted any specially trained men, all that had to be done was to look over the lists at the trade tests building and the names and location of the men wanted would be forthcoming.

Camp Devens led every other camp in the country in the matter of the mental development of the men inducted, according to statistics given out at Headquarters on June 8. These statistics showed that there had been fewer discharges at Camp Devens than at any other camp for nervous and mental diseases. Devens also did well in the matter of War Risk Insurance. Up to June of 1918, 51,000 men had taken out $449,000,000 worth of Government insurance.

The Staff and Field Officers' School ended on June 7, after three weeks of the hardest kind of campaigning on the part of both officers and men. A tremendous, thrilling finish, in which the entire division would take part, was planned but had to be abandoned at the last moment because of rain, which fell in torrents. But the battles that were fought during that three weeks—even though they were sham—will long be remembered by New England, and especially by the men who took part in them, and many are of the opinion that Amann Field, where these New England boys of ours trained to do battle in the world-wide struggle for democracy, should be preserved as a memorial to their patriotism and devotion to their country.

Following the completion of the staff and field officers' course, special schools for captains and field officers were arranged to "top off" with. Among these was a school for rapid

and accurate rifle fire, a supplementary bayonet course, a motor-cycle dispatch riders' school and a school for automatic riflemen. A long list of "Do's and Don't's" was issued for both officers and men, but it was gratifying to note that the chief admonition was typically American, and almost worth all the rest put together. It consisted of just three words: "Use Common Sense!"

Chapter XIII

BON VOYAGE

The inspection of the 76th Division for overseas service began on June 12, but of course the public wasn't supposed to know what the inspection was really for. It was supposed to herald another shake-up in the division personnel, but pretty nearly everybody who was interested realized that the hour was approaching and recognized the inspection as final. Three officers from the Inspector-General's Department in Washington came to camp to inspect the division. They were Brigadier-General Thomas Q. Donaldson, Colonel Oliver L. Spaulding and Major Charles S. Hamilton. Their official visit lasted several days.

The final review of the 76th Division was held on June 19. General Donaldson and his assistants had looked over the outfit from top to bottom, and their final test was a grand review. Pretty nearly everybody knew that this was the last appearance in public of the outfit, before it went to France, at least, but few who saw the 76th on that day realized that it was the last time New England would ever see the division gathered together in this country. But it was the last appearance, for almost as soon as the division got overseas it was split up and portions of it sent to almost every part of the American Expeditionary Force. The men came home in small groups, some of them not arriving until weeks after other members of the outfit had been returned to civilian life. The 76th Division never paraded again on its home soil, but after this review there could be no doubt in the minds of the most critical as to the fitness of the men for overseas service.

Farewells were being said. Not in so many words, but farewells nevertheless. One of the most impressive of all the

ceremonies ever held for the 76th Division was on Sunday, June 16, when Cardinal O'Connell came up from Boston and officially bestowed his blessing on the Devens soldiers. It was his first official visit to Devens and his last to the 76th Division.

More than 5,000 soldiers knelt reverently in the open that Sunday morning and heard the cardinal's parting message to them. It was a message ringing with patriotism. These men were called by His Eminence "soldiers of a glorious American Army, invincible in spirit and discipline and sustained by their faith with a courage which is the banner of the heart and which enables a man to face danger and death or any duty without fear or thought of consequence."

He called them "an army of invincible giants," and there was a farewell note at the close of his address when he said:

> You will face whatever happens, even if it be death itself, because you know that the Hand of God is on your head in benediction, and our beloved country stands by watching you today. It needs your valor, it needs your courage, and your fathers, mothers and friends are all praying to God to keep your hearts pure, your souls upright and courageous, in order that you may come forth like the Crusaders of Old and win in the cause of God and America. May God bless you all and keep you in His Holy Name.

Bishop William Lawrence came to Camp Devens the following Sunday and delivered a farewell address to the men in which he struck a chord of patriotic ardor that represented the feelings of the people of all New England as their sons were about to go forth to battle and join the lads from our Northeastern States who were already over there and in the thick of the fighting. He told these men that God's cause was not going to fail and that they had that cause in their hands.

Naturalization of all aliens in the division started on Monday morning, June 24, so that all the men who went across in the division might go as full-fledged American citizens. Precedents were shattered all to blazes in order that this might be done, and the Federal District Court sat for the first time in its history outside a conventional court chamber.

The first naturalization ceremony was an impressive one. Judge James H. Morton, Jr., came to Camp Devens and opened court in the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium, sitting on a camp chair and presiding from behind a kitchen table. Before him stood 800 men seeking citizenship—the first of 5,500 to be so naturalized—and every man dressed in an American uniform, ready to pledge their allegiance and their lives to the United States. At a signal from the court officer, those tanned and brawny hands shot into the air and they took the oath of allegiance to Uncle Sam. Then they listened to an inspiring speech by Judge Morton. Italians, Russians, Turks, Portuguese, Norwegians, Greeks, Swiss, Belgians, Swedes, Roumanians, Dutch, Persians, Austrians and subjects of Great Britain walked into that court. American citizens and soldiers walked out.

Then came the Fourth of July. It's always a big event here in God's Country, but the Fourth of July of 1918 was probably next to the biggest in the history of all New England. For that historic day found at least part of the 76th Division on its way to the transports that were to take them to France. No more appropriate day could have been selected.

Hundreds in New England knew that the 76th Division had gone. Most of the men got to their homes just before they sailed, and they had told the home folks that this would probably be their last visit for some time. But there were hundreds of thousands who didn't know it; who had no idea that 28,000 sturdy New England lads had quickly and quietly passed from their home shores to huge transports, which had immediately put out to sea on the first leg of the race to the big adventure.

And not until July 24, twenty days after the first unit of the 76th Division had sailed, was it possible for the newspapers to tell the world the biggest story in the history of the National Army Division that had its beginning at Camp Devens on September 5, 1917; that story of the period between July 3 and

15, when Yankee hosts forsook their homeland for the blood-soaked fields of France, and did it happily and gladly. For thirteen happy days the sons of the Pilgrim country went out of Camp Devens singing and shouting, happy in the thought that the thing for which they had trained and worked and sweated through ten long months was at last to be realized. They sailed from several different points, including New York, Boston and Halifax, Nova Scotia.

On "the night before the Fourth" the 76th Division Headquarters ceased to exist at Camp Devens, only to open simultaneously at a "Port of Embarkation." At 3 o'clock that afternoon Colonel Charles C. Smith led his command of men from the Cape District, the 302d Infantry, from the main parade ground at Devens to the waiting trains. It was the first outfit to start for the battlefields that almost every man had been talking about since the first day he donned the uniform. They went out singing, "Hail! Hail! the Gang's all Here," and all the rest of it.

Secrecy and the rumors of silent midnight departures turned out to be jokes. The camp gates were wide open. The 302d formed hours ahead of time outside the barracks and on the hot drill fields, with equipment enough to tell any one that they were ready for France. Not more than a hundred friends and families happened to be on hand to kiss their soldiers goodbye. They watched the men fall in, followed them down to the railroad sidings and waved farewells, and the trains rolled swiftly out to "that somewhere."

It was only tearful in spots.

In fact, Devens had never been so lively as in those departing days. Never before in all the months of training had officers worried so little about morale and the spirit of their troops. Night and day barracks were ringing with songs and cheers and ludicrous farewell revelries.

Kaiser Bill in effigy was burned no fewer than six times. Barracks were labelled with such signs as these:

"To Let: Owner Gone Abroad for the Summer."

"Fine Steam-Heated Apartment, to Sublease. Five Rooms. Shower Baths. Call Berlin, 304th Infantry, by Telephone."

"Will Sell Cheap. Owner Touring Germany."

Medical officers of the 301st Engineers, Little Rhody's outfit, placarded their infirmary with letters five feet high, declaring that they had been "summoned to operate on the Kaiser."

Six weeks ahead of time it was known that the division would pull out. But not until two or three hours ahead of time did officers know when they would start. And the enlisted men were on the anxious seat for days, not finally being sure that they were off for the front until they heard sudden orders: "Fall in outside—ready to start."

The Artillery Brigade, for example, went to bed at taps at 10 o'clock on the night of July 15, and were awakened only an hour later by "First call for France." They piled out into the night and were all gone out of camp before daybreak, the whole three regiments of them.

Division Headquarters went on the first section of the train with the 302d Infantry. Major-General Harry F. Hodges had left the day before with his aides for "a short trip to New York." A few knew just what that meant.

If all New England had only known what they might have seen had they gone to Camp Devens for the Fourth of July! The camp was open to all who wanted to come visiting, but only a few hundreds came. Some said afterwards that they thought the whole division had gone July 1.

At 3 o'clock on the afternoon of July 4, the 301st Infantry, Boston's Own Regiment, cheered itself away. In long sections of coaches the trains rolled at short intervals down through the town of Ayer in broad daylight. This regiment placarded the doors of their Devens homes with the names of familiar Boston Hotels. One sign read:

"Hotel Touraine Closed by Order of the Licensing Board."

Cardinal O'Connell Says Mass at Camp Devens

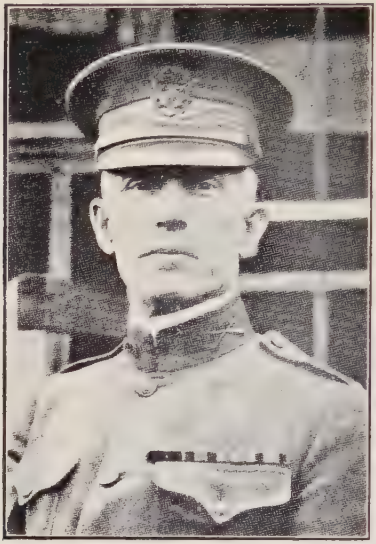
JUDGE MORTON OF BOSTON MOVED COURT TO CAMP DEVENS

Thousands of Devens men thus became citizens of the country for which they were prepared to die

Photo by Bain News Service

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN N. HODGES
Commanding 23d Infantry Brigade

BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. E. WOODWARD
Commanding 24th Infantry Brigade



Colonel A. L. Parmerter
36th Infantry

Colonel J. B. Kemper
73d Infantry

Colonel Osmun Latrobe
42d Infantry

Colonel O. H. Dockery, Jr.
74th Infantry

On the days following went the two Infantry Regiments of the 152d Infantry Brigade, the 303d Regiment of New Yorkers and the 304th Regiment of Connecticut men.

There were last-minute weddings in camp and stories of farewell ceremonies in the 304th Infantry that would have interested the state of Connecticut, as well as all the other New England States, more than almost anything else that was appearing in the newspapers at the time, not excepting the daily bulletins of the great German drive and the dogged Allied fighting. Any who wished could go and see it, but nothing could be written about it. Such was the voluntary censorship.

After the infantry went the Machine Gun Battalions of Essex and Middlesex Counties, Massachusetts, and the Connecticut men. Major James Amory Sullivan, the well known artist, was the last of these battalion commanders to leave.

In turn brigade commanders and colonels took their turn at Headquarters on the hill, commanding the camp for the few days or hours when each happened to be the senior officer left. Then went the "trains," the 301st Sanitary, Ammunition and Supply Trains.

The Rhode Islanders of the 301st Engineers, who had expected to be in the advance guard, didn't move until near the end, starting July 12 with two companies of the 301st Field Artillery. And they kept almost the whole camp awake all the night before with their celebrations, shirt-tail parades and larking.

Maine and New Hampshire people should have been at camp on the afternoon of July 15. The regiment from those states—the 303d Field Artillery—which would yield second place to none as a highly trained outfit, put on the smartest review the camp had seen up to that time, and it was witnessed only by a few officers' wives. Even they didn't realize just how nearly a farewell review it was. A few hours later they, the last of the 76th Division, had left Camp Devens.

With each train went Y. M. C. A. or K. of C. secretaries, selling hundreds of dollars' worth of stamps and cards to men who were writing farewells to be mailed after their arrival in France. At the docks the departure of the division was the most hurried, business-like affair of all. It seemed as if the trains ran straight into the ships, so uninterrupted was the detraining. Red Cross workers were there with coffee and sandwiches.

One Saturday, during the departure, Base Hospital No. 7 was sandwiched in between units of the division. That hospital contained in its personnel some of the best known New England medical men, but it was not a part of the 76th Division, though part of its training took place at Devens.

But though New England didn't get the thrill of seeing its men depart for the other side, folks did feel thrilled when it was announced that the boys were safely over there, hard at work completing their training which was started in the central Massachusetts countryside. They thrilled, too, when they heard of the reception accorded the sturdy New Englanders as they marched through foreign cities. And the spirit of those Yankee lads, as they departed for the fields of battle, hurled back a denial at those who doubted the caliber of the American Draft Army.

For the spirit of the 76th Division was of the highest order. It was the spirit that has been handed down from the Pilgrim Fathers themselves—that never-flagging, unconquerable spirit that makes Americans win any fight that they throw themselves into. Had it been possible for anything to break that spirit, it would have been broken when the 76th Division was made a Depot Division overseas and split up to fill the depleted ranks of other units. But even that heartbreaking experience did not dampen the patriotic spirit of New England's first National Army Division, and men of the 76th Division made good in every task they were called upon to perform, whether among relatives, friends or strangers. That will stand to their everlasting glory and credit.

Chapter XIV

GENERAL McCAIN AND THE 12TH DIVISION

Following the sailing of the 76th Division, drafted men from New England were being sent to Fort Slocum, New York; or many of them were, and people began to wonder where the next division to train at Camp Devens was going to come from. For it had been announced that another division would train there, though one rumor had it that it would be a Regular Army Division. The basis of this rumor became known later.

But draftees were pouring into Camp Devens in July, regardless of the numbers that were being sent to Fort Slocum. They were coming in by the thousands, largely from Massachusetts and Maine. But their spirit was wonderful. The departure of the 76th Division had been in a measure responsible for that.

On the day that the safe arrival of the 76th Division in France was released for publication—July 24—the announcement was also released that the next division to train at Devens would be known as the 12th. But the 12th was to be a little different from the 76th in its make-up. The War Department decided to send two regiments of Regular Army troops to Camp Devens and to build the new division around these regiments. The Regular outfits selected to form a base for the new 12th Division were the 36th Infantry, which was stationed at Fort Snelling, Michigan, and the 42d Infantry, which was doing guard duty in various American cities and ports.

But the New Englanders didn't seem to care what division they got into now, just so long as they got in. By the thousands they continued to come—eager, anxious, "jes' r'arin' t' go!" A former Worcester, Massachusetts, motorman, Edward T. Scanlon, came in almost panting with anxiety and eagerness.

He weighed two hundred and thirty odd pounds, and he burst in on the medical officer with:

"For God's sake, don't reject me. I've got a brother and a cousin almost as big as me in here already!"

He was examined and sent along to a company. That was the spirit of these men, and 9,000 of them came in in three days. In fact the material for the 12th Division was mobilized so rapidly that early in August the outfit, untrained though it was, was almost up to full strength.

And while there were men in the 12th Division from almost every state in the Union, not excluding Alaska and Hawaii, the 12th was a New England division. The official figures showed that. Sixty-eight per cent of the division was made up of New England men. To be exact the proportions from various states were:

Massachusetts	37 per cent or	10,360 men
Maine	18 per cent or	5,040 men
Indiana	6 per cent or	1,680 men
Connecticut	6 per cent or	1,680 men
New Jersey	4 per cent or	1,120 men
Vermont	4 per cent or	1,120 men
New Hampshire	3 per cent or	840 men
Oklahoma	3 per cent or	840 men
Missouri	2 per cent or	560 men
New York	2 per cent or	560 men
Michigan	2 per cent or	560 men
Pennsylvania	2 per cent or	560 men
Ohio	2 per cent or	560 men
Iowa	2 per cent or	560 men
Scattered	7 per cent or	1,960 men

These figures are approximate, but they are substantially correct, and they show that nearly 20,000 men, of the 28,000 in the 12th Division, were New Englanders.

The organization of the 12th Division was outlined as follows:

23d Infantry Brigade, consisting of the 36th Infantry, the 73d Infantry and the 35th Machine Gun Battalion.

24th Infantry Brigade, consisting of the 42d Infantry, the 74th Infantry and the 36th Machine Gun Battalion.

The 34th Machine Gun Battalion.

12th Artillery Brigade, consisting of the 34th, 35th and 36th Field Artillery Regiments and the 12th Trench Mortar Battery.

The 212th Engineers, the 212th Field Signal Battalion, the 12th Supply, Sanitary and Headquarters Trains; the 245th, 246th and 247th Field Hospitals and the 245th, 246th and 247th Ambulance Companies.

Soon after the announcement of the table of organization of the new Division, however, it was given out that, in accordance with the War Department's newly adopted plan to centralize the training of Divisional Artillery, Camp McClellan, Alabama, would be the training area for the 12th Field Artillery Brigade and the 12th Ammunition Train, and that these units would be organized there. The men making up these units were not New Englanders, and about all that the main body of the 12th Division ever knew about its artillery was that the brigade consisted of the 34th, 35th and 36th Field Artillery Regiments, and that Brigadier-General G. R. Allen was in command.

This arrangement, which was not very popular, left only the infantry and machine gun battalions, the engineers and other auxiliary outfits of the division to train at Devens, and, before the preparation of the division was completed, it was said by many officers that the plan of having the artillery trained away from the rest of the division was a poor one.

When the 76th Division departed, Colonel George L. Byroade was left in command of Camp Devens. Lieutenant-Colonel Frank B. Edwards acted as chief of staff, Major R. A. Dunford as adjutant and Major E. L. Weiscopf, a Boston lawyer, as judge advocate. This staff was only a temporary one, appointed to administer the affairs of the cantonment until the new commanding general should be appointed and announced.

General Order No. 1, 12th Division, was issued on July 30,

and the above staff, with several additions and one change, was announced temporarily. Lieutenant-Colonel Condon C. McCornack was announced as division surgeon, and he remained so after the permanent staff was organized. Major Philip Stoll was announced as judge advocate, and Major Barratt O'Hara as assistant judge advocate. Both these officers were also permanent. Major Weiscopf was made temporary division inspector.

It early became evident that the new division was to be organized in a different manner from the 76th. Two Regular Army regiments were assigned to Camp Devens, and around these Regulars were built the two Infantry Brigades of the new division. The Regulars were the 36th and 42d Infantry Regiments.

The other two infantry regiments were created at Devens, and acting under orders of the camp commander, Major George C. Donaldson of Salem, organized the 74th Infantry, while Major Arthur B. Hitchcock brought the 73d Infantry into being. Both of these officers were drawn from the Depot Brigade to carry on this work, and the manner in which they did it brought them high praise. With the arrival at camp, late in July, of the 42d Infantry, the 74th was brigaded with the 42d to form the 24th Infantry Brigade, and with the coming on August 13th of the 36th Infantry, the 73d combined with the newcomers to form the 23d Infantry Brigade. Men were drawn liberally from the Depot Brigade to form these two new regiments, and in one day 3,000 men were transferred into the division.

In building the two new Infantry Brigades a new plan was tried. From the two Regular Army regiments were taken a certain number of non-commissioned officers and men as a training nucleus around which the recruits transferred from the Depot Brigade would be fitted in, and the combinations whipped rapidly into high-class fighting units. From each rifle company in the Regular Army outfits were transferred to

the newly formed regiments three sergeants, seven corporals and 30 selected privates first-class and privates. Among the latter were experienced cooks, clerks, buglers, mechanics, wagoners, horseshoers and saddlers.

Brigadier-General John N. Hodges, the youngest brigadier-general in the United States Army, the man who commanded the famous regiment of American engineers that went to the assistance of the British, armed only with picks and shovels and what weapons they could find on the dead, and who were given the credit of saving the day for the particular group of hard-pressed British Tommies near Cambrai, was recalled from France to take command of the 23d Infantry Brigade of this new 12th Division. And how tickled the division was over that!

Brigadier-General John E. Woodward, a Vermonter by birth and just returned from service in the Orient, took command of the 24th Infantry Brigade. And pretty soon his fame as one of the most genial and really humorous officers in the whole division had spread all over camp.

Colonel Almon L. Parmerter, who brought the 36th Infantry from Fort Snelling, remained in command of that regiment. The 73d Infantry was commanded by Colonel James B. Kemper; the 42d Infantry, by Colonel Osmun Latrobe, while Colonel Oliver H. Dockery, Jr., who came to Camp Devens and became temporary chief of staff, was given command of the 74th Infantry.

The mixing up of what had heretofore been known as National Army men and Regulars didn't bother either group very much, for, while it was some time before they could forget their old designations, those designations ceased to exist on August 7. On that date the War Department issued the following order:

1. This country has but one army—the United States Army. It includes all the land forces in the service of the United States. Those forces, however raised, lose their identity in that of the United States Army. Dis-

tinctive appellations, such as the Regular Army, Reserve Corps, National Guard, and National Army, heretofore employed in administration and command, will be discontinued, and the single term, the United States Army, will be exclusively used.

2. Orders having reference to the United States Army as divided into separate and component forces of distinct origin, or assuming or contemplating such a division, are to that extent revoked.

3. The insignia now prescribed for the Regular Army shall hereafter be worn by the United States Army.

4. All effective commissions purporting to be, and described therein as, commissions in the Regular Army, National Guard, National Army or the Reserve Corps shall hereafter be held to be, and regarded as, commissions in the United States Army—permanent, provisional or temporary, as fixed by the conditions of their issue; and all such commissions are hereby amended accordingly. Hereafter during the period of the existing emergency all commissions of officers shall be in the United States Army and in staff corps, departments and arms of the service thereof, and shall, as the law may provide be permanent, for a term, or for the period of the emergency. And hereafter during the period of the existing emergency provisional and temporary appointments in the grade of second lieutenant and temporary promotions in the Regular Army and appointments in the Reserve Corps will be discontinued.

5. While the number of commissions in each grade and in each staff corps, department and arm of the service, shall be kept within the limits fixed by law, officers shall be assigned without reference to the term of their commissions solely in the interest of the service; and officers and enlisted men will be transferred from one organization to another as the interests of the service may require.

6. Except as otherwise provided by law, promotion in the United States Army shall be by selection. Permanent promotions in the Regular Army will continue to be made as prescribed by law.

By order of the Secretary of War:

PEYTON C. MARCH,
General, Chief of Staff.

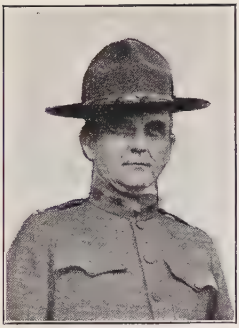
Official:

H. P. MCCAIN,
The Adjutant General.

That was all right. Nobody cared much what designation he fought under, as long as it had "U. S." in it.

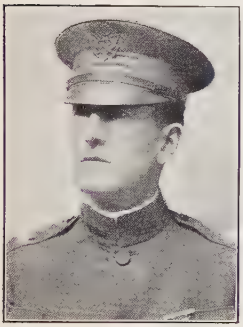
On August 17 the big news came. New England expected a big man to be appointed to command the new division, but

Lt.-Col. R. H. Rolfe



Lt.-Col. P. H. Stoll

Lt.-Col. I. M. Unger



Maj. G. C. Donaldson

Maj. A. B. Hitchcock

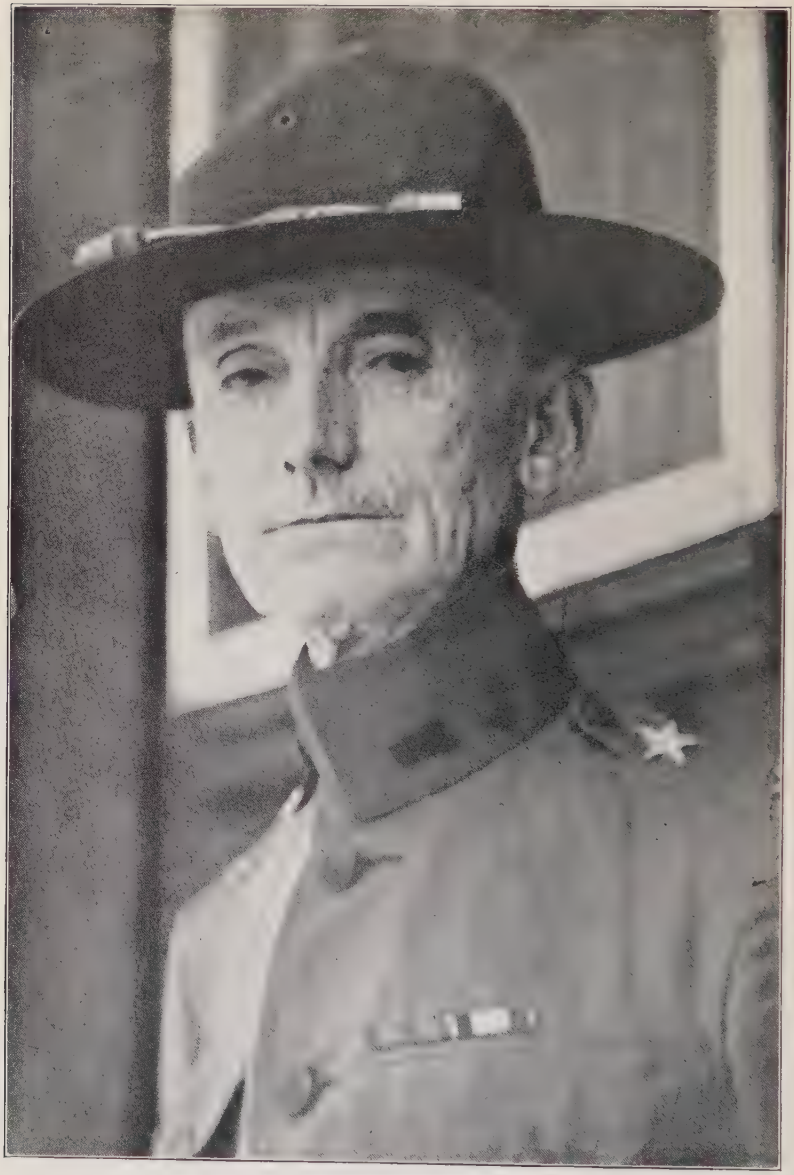
Maj. J. M. Day

Photo by Bachrach, Boston

Capt. C. F. Reid

Capt. E. J. Hall

Capt. Francis Harrigan



Major-General Henry P. McCain

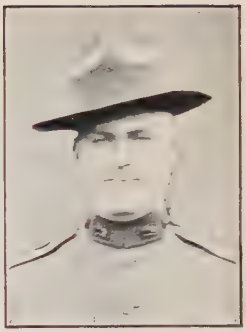
Commander of the Plymouth (12th) Division

Part of the 74th Infantry Passing in Review

Candidates in the R. O. T. C. Learning What Intensive Training Is

MAJ. W. J. FITZMAURICE

LT.-COL. IRA A. SMITH



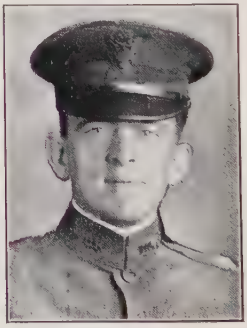
MAJ. CHAS. C. QUIGLEY

LT.-COL. G. T. EVERETT

MAJ. EDWARDS

CAPT. R. G. SHERMAN

CAPT. COCKRIEL, M. P.



CAPT. C. B. MACNEILL

CAPT. TAIT

even the most optimistic weren't prepared for what happened. For, on August 17, came a dispatch from Washington saying that Major-General Henry P. McCain, who had just completed an appointment as The Adjutant General of the army, the man who, with Major-General Enoch H. Crowder, was responsible for much of the wonderful record America had made in the World War, in throwing what forces she had into the breach quickly, was to organize and train the 12th Division.

And Camp Devens just cut loose and nearly went wild with joy!

For during the years he had spent in the Adjutant-General's Department at Washington the name "McCain" had become known to almost everybody in the country. There was considerable protest made—or there would have been had General McCain permitted it—when it became known that the general was going to forsake the post of The Adjutant General. Practically the whole Government hailed McCain as the "best adjutant-general the United States ever had," and they didn't want to lose him.

Day and night this man had been at his desk in the War Department, since the United States entered the war. He was greedy for work. He couldn't be tired out. His administration of the Adjutant-General's Department was the most satisfactory and efficient the Nation ever had. This was admitted by everybody: congressmen, senators, military authorities—everybody. He was one of the best loved men in Washington and in the army. And he was to come to Camp Devens and train a New England division! Some day the story of why Henry P. McCain left Washington and came to New England may be told.

Major-General McCain was born in Carroll County, Mississippi, and, as soon as his age permitted, entered the Military Academy at West Point, graduating from that school in 1885. From then on he soldiered in the United States and in the Philippines until he was transferred to the Adjutant-General's

Department. And there they kept him for eighteen years until, when the United States entered the World War, he was made a major-general.

General McCain landed in Boston on August 20 and immediately stepped into an automobile and drove to Camp Devens. That he was happy to be given a division to organize and train, with the possibility of leading men into battle, is undoubted. He looked forward to it with pleasure, and he proposed to build the best division in the army. His feelings, then, can be imagined when, as he arrived at the main gate of Camp Devens, he saw a group of horsemen waiting to receive him, and a military band crashed forth a welcome to the new commanding general. The horsemen—it was the Headquarters Troop of the new 12th Division—fell in around his car, and with the band playing, General McCain was triumphantly welcomed to New England and to Camp Devens. The general brought with him Lieutenant-Colonel John B. Shuman, who was to be division adjutant, and Lieutenant-Colonel E. S. Adams, who was named as assistant chief of staff. Colonel Oliver H. Dockery, Jr., who was acting chief of staff was relieved, and Colonel Abraham G. Lott, who had been one of General McCain's assistants in Washington, was made chief of staff of the 12th Division on August 22.

No general officer ever received a warmer welcome to a new command than did Major-General McCain when he came to New England. He didn't say much. He seldom does. But he felt and thought a lot, and he just thanked everybody briefly but sincerely, and remarked in his quiet, forceful way that he was "with the 12th Division until torn away from it." General McCain brought no aides-de-camp with him, but as soon as he arrived at Devens, Lieutenant Augustus F. Doty of Boston and Waltham (better known as "Gus" Doty, famous Harvard athlete) was made aide-de-camp to the new commanding general.

Other officers to arrive for the staff of the new division and

to take command of organizations were: On August 19, Colonel John D. Long was assigned to command the Train Headquarters and Military Police. On August 24, Major C. F. Holly was assigned to command the 34th Machine Gun Battalion; Major G. E. Wilson to command the 36th Machine Gun Battalion, and Major O. M. Dickerson to command the 35th Machine Gun Battalion. Lieutenant-Colonel Robert H. Rolfe was officially announced as division quartermaster on September 7, and on September 13, Major John L. Schock became division dental surgeon. On September 23 Lieutenant-Colonel Fred G. Miller became division signal officer. Colonel Miller was relieved of this post on December 27 and Lieutenant-Colonel Walter E. Pridgeon succeeded him.

Captain Frank Ward became acting assistant chief of staff (G-2), on October 14, while four days later, October 18, Colonel Max C. Tyler arrived at camp to take command of the 212th Engineers. On October 26, Lieutenant-Colonel George T. Everett became assistant chief of staff (G-1), and, on November 13, Major William J. Fitzmaurice was appointed assistant chief of staff (G-3).

From the very moment General McCain arrived in camp the entire command knew that he meant business. He was a driver, a producer of results; but he drove his men humanely and they loved him for it. It soon became known to every officer and man in the 12th Division that the commanding general asked only that every last man work as hard and faithfully as the general did himself. Nothing more than this was required of anybody, as far as work was concerned. So, on the very day General McCain arrived at Devens, schools were started in the new division. The first two were the bayonet and grenade schools.

The first week of General McCain's stay was spent in going over the camp. He inspected every nook and corner of it. It would almost be safe to say that there is not a building nor a room in Camp Devens that he has not been in himself. And

he wanted to know his men. He was out among them every day and nearly all day. Before he had been there a month it is absolutely certain that he could have taken the two stars off his shoulders and gone out among his troops and they would all have known who he was. He is a great believer in personal contact, and his belief bore rich fruit in the 12th Division.

The foreign attachés were still at Camp Devens and they started right in with the instruction of the new division, just as they had with the 76th. But, on August 30, some help came for them, for the 12th, it was generally known, was not to remain in training so long as the 76th; not anywhere near so long. So, on August 30, there arrived at camp 63 more overseas instructors, fresh from the battlefields of France. They were all Americans, noncommissioned officers who had "been through the mill," and were highly trained specialists. The effect of their arrival was electrical, and from September 1 the 12th Division buckled down to the hardest and stiffest kind of intensive training ever known in this part of the country. McCain had instilled a spirit into the division; the men had the Yankee fighting spirit in their blood and a high sense of patriotic duty; they were as husky a bunch of fighting material as could be found anywhere in the world, and there was born in them a determination to "deliver the goods" that could not and would not and did not stop; nor could it be stopped by anything.

Fundamentally, the training of the 12th Division was about the same as that of the 76th. In detail, however, there were many differences. For one thing—and too much emphasis cannot be laid on this—the 12th Division experienced the most intensive training of any combat unit trained in New England.

The men transferred into the new division from the Depot Brigade were all raw recruits, with no noncommissioned officers to aid in drilling them. The comparatively few officers who composed the commissioned personnel of the two new regiments worked from dawn until dark in the sweltering heat. It seemed that they were always out on the drill grounds teaching

these willing recruits the art of being a soldier, and their efforts bore wonderful fruit. With the coming of the two regiments of Regulars, however, and the consequent augmentation of the ranks of the 73d and 74th by officers and men already thoroughly trained, and in many instances noncommissioned officers who had already had their baptism of fire overseas, this intensive training progressed even more rapidly than before. Day by day the 12th Division improved, until very soon it was evident to all that the outfit would not only be trained in record time, but would develop into one of the prize combat divisions in the entire American Army.

Some idea of the rapidity with which the training got under way may be gained from a paragraph taken from the official record of the training of the division. It reads:

> The Infantry School of Arms was inaugurated August 22, 1918. From August 22 to October 28, 1918, twenty-seven different schools were held, graduating 563 officers and 1,327 enlisted men, making the total number graduating from the schools, 1,890. In addition to the schools, under the direction of the Infantry School of Arms, an Intelligence School of Application was conducted under the supervision of the division intelligence officer and proved highly successful.

In addition to these schools was the Senior and Staff Officers' School of Instruction, which was similar to the school conducted for the officers of the 76th, only instead of the course lasting for three weeks, as in the case of the 76th Division, the course was doubled for the 12th Division officers. There was also another great difference between the two schools. The 76th Division had its own artillery to work with. The 12th Division had none. They did have two airplanes, however, which came from Mineola, Long Island, New York, before the course was completed and with the help of these planes considerable problem work was done. The lectures and field work of various kinds gave the officers attending the school valuable knowledge of the practical conduct of modern warfare.

The high lights in this marvelous progress could not better

be shown than by again quoting from the official record of the training of the 12th Division—a brief but concise memorandum compiled at Division Headquarters by the officers who directed and watched the training. This report only summarizes, but in the following few paragraphs a story of wonderful military achievement is tersely told:

The first month's training of the division personnel was devoted to basic training in the essential principles as prescribed by the War Department, with careful attention being paid to eliminating non-essentials and profiting by the mistakes made in the training of old divisions.

The second month saw this basic training turn out officers and men whose percentage of efficiency was very high, and platoon, company, and battalion cohesion was given much attention. Much time was devoted to training in gas defense and the use of the rifle and bayonet. Scores on the rifle range indicated that the weapon of the infantry would play an important part when the 12th Division finally got into action. The discipline and military bearing of the soldiers was of the highest order, and surpassed even the expectancy of the division staff officers.

The machine gun units, signal troops, and engineers, were progressing in their combat training with the same degree of efficiency and speed. Every week Division Headquarters prescribed the number of hours to be devoted to each subject by the different units in their training, and schedules embracing these hours were compiled by the commanding officers and submitted for the approval of Division Headquarters. This system brought uniform methods and uniform results in the training so that all organizations progressed on an even basis. The instructors being graduated from the Infantry School of Arms returned to their organizations and imparted the knowledge they had gained.

In the infantry organizations the following method of instruction was effected:

Each of the four platoons in the rifle companies were divided into four sections, keeping squad formations intact. Each platoon commander was made a specialist in either bayonet fighting, hand and rifle grenades, automatic rifle or drills, administration, gas, etc.

Each day at drill all of the first sections reported for bayonet drill, the second sections for hand and rifle grenades, etc., and rotated thusly under the respective specialists, thereby saving time in training in the division schools. This was very effective in assuring uniformity in company training as each member was trained in the specialties by the same officer.

Officers' schools within the different organizations under the direct super-

vision of the regimental and separate organization commanders were conducted. Noncommissioned officers' schools within each regiment and separate organization were also established.

Weekly record of progress was kept on cards furnished by the Infantry School of Arms for this purpose, one card being made out by the corporal of his squad each week and submitted to the platoon commander; another card was made out each week by the platoon commander and submitted to the company commander. This system proved valuable in helping the company commander and higher commanders to determine the condition of the company organizations.

Specialists in headquarters and supply companies, infantry and headquarters detachments were given special training, specially qualified officers having been assigned to these.

The third month of training brought out excellent results in maneuvers, cohesion and liaison in all units. Close order drills and deployments reached a high percentage of efficiency. The training of all specialists and the tactical use of such specialties gave every indication that the division would soon be rated as ready. The combined training of the division was now under way and this was demonstrated by the success of the various maneuvers held.

The first field order of the 12th Division was issued for a division billeting problem at Shaker Village on November 1.

Certainly New England had never seen anything to equal this in the way of training men for war, and it is doubtful if many people, except those who were taking part in this heartbreaking grind, appreciated just what it all meant.

In one respect the 12th Division had much less to discourage its personnel than the 76th Division. They knew they were going to keep the men who had been poured into the ranks of the various regiments, with the exception of the few hundreds that were transferred to Officers' Training Schools. But, on the other hand, they had obstacles to overcome that the 76th did not have. One of these—and by far the most distressing one—was an epidemic of Spanish influenza that caused nearly half the entire division to be laid up in the hospital at one time.

Chapter XV

IN THE GRIP OF THE "FLU"

As soon as General McCain got his schools running properly and the men were "throwing their weight into the collar," so to speak, a review of the division was ordered. The general had seen all there was to see of the camp and he had seen practically every man in it at various times. Now he wanted to see them all together. So the first review of the division was held on September 14, less than a month after it had been organized.

Hundreds of people came to Camp Devens to see that review. It was not yet believed that anything resembling soldiers could be made in so short a time, and the public had a very earnest desire to be shown. Well, they were shown, and they went away wondering, for, as far as most lay people could see, this first review of the 12th Division didn't differ so very much from the last review of the 76th, except that there were more men in the latter, inasmuch as the 12th Artillery Brigade was training thousands of miles away from the Infantry Brigades. The men marched and generally conducted themselves like veterans, thereby satisfying their officers and the commanding general, though the latter, when asked what he thought of the showing of his new command, replied that it was fine, but "wait until the next one and see the difference."

It was just about this time that the Spanish influenza was fastening its grip on the camp. The epidemic started so gradually that few knew that it was upon us until it was raging. On the day of the first review it was announced that there were 2,000 cases of the disease in camp, but as yet no deaths were reported. The day following, however, two deaths were announced. The next day there were 3,000 cases of it and it was announced that four men had died in the past twenty-four

Practically Every Great German Military Leader Was Shot at Some Time or Other on The Snipers' Range

Laying Down a Machine Gun Barrage

Colonel A. G. Lott
Chief of Staff

Colonel G. L. Byroade
Executive Officer

Colonel Max C. Tyler
212th Engineers

Lieutenant-Colonel McCornack
Division-Surgeon

Photo copyright by A. M. Galaid, Boston

THE BASE HOSPITAL AND THE REST OF THE CAMP IN THE DISTANCE

THE STUDENT NURSES AT THE BASE HOSPITAL

Front row, left to right: Misses Nancy S. Hapgood, Edith I. Perkins, Harriet E. Scott, Luella A. Belcher, Helen N. Davies, Helen A. Kennedy, Mildred A. Prior, Marjorie E. Davies, Jennie M. Carter, Mabel A. Turner, Dorothy M. Israel, Worthington Harry, Doris Paine, Isabel B. Walker, Alice E. Stansbury

Back row, left right: Misses M. Ethel Smith, Natalie K. Robert, Virginia Wright, Annie A. Dennett, Rosalind G. Parker, Eleanor Rantoul, Rose McNaught, Jeanette Kilbam, Beatrice K. Barnes, Elsie I. Rogers, Louise E. Flaxington, Lucie E. Greenfield, Helen S. Grant, Candace F. Seeley, Dorothy W. Crosby, Helen K. Friend, Olivia Ames

hours. Twelve additional wards at the Base Hospital had to be taken over to accommodate the sick men, and it was thought that this was pretty bad!

On September 19, the town of Ayer was quarantined against the soldiers. This was not so much to protect the soldiers as to protect the civilians living near the camp, for civilian New England was having a hard time with the influenza, whereas the men in camp had the best possible medical attention. In the cities and towns throughout New England the doctors were so busy that the services of a physician were hard to get, for the medical men were working day and night, with far more cases on their hands than they could find time to attend. And nurses were at a premium.

But still the number of cases in camp continued to grow. From 3,000 to 5,000 to 7,000, clear up until at one time there were more than 10,000 men being treated. And so the daily death report continued to grow larger and larger, from three, to five to twelve to fifteen to twenty and then to twenty-eight daily. Then New England began to be really alarmed at the situation at the cantonment. But as a matter of fact the epidemic had about spent itself before the death list began to swell to such alarming proportions. At the time when the death list was highest there were fewer cases of influenza in the hospital than when the daily death report showed less than a dozen names. The reason for this was that thousands of men were only in the hospital a few days, while most of those who succumbed to the disease were ill for several days before they reached the crisis.

But despite the frightful handicap imposed by the epidemic, the training of the division went on just the same. It had to. And the medical officers had decided that to continue the training was the best possible thing for the men. It kept them out in the open air—one of the surest preventives—and also distracted their attention from what was going on around them. This policy unquestionably saved many lives.

And, among other things, the influenza epidemic showed the men of the 12th Division the true caliber of their commanding general. For he personally directed the fight against the plague, assisted and advised, of course, by Lieutnenat-Colonel Condon C. McCornack, his division surgeon, and Lieutenant-Colonel Channing Frothingham of Boston, commander of the Base Hospital.

The general had these two officers worried. They were worried about the general himself, for he insisted on spending the greater part of the daylight hours at the hospital, going around among the men, talking to them and cheering them up. He scorned to wear a mask to protect himself. He was building spirit among the sick, spirit with which to fight this plague that seemed to sap the vitality from a man as no other disease did. And so, calmly, cheerfully and kindly, he went his way through the hospital wards, among the dead and the dying, talking to these lads, asking them all the little personal, intimate questions one of their own would ask and seeing to it that they got everything that could possibly be given them. Then, as night drew on, he went back to his office on Headquarters Hill, where all through the day the work had been piling up, and there he worked far into the night, attending to the vast amount of detail attached to getting his division into shape to go to France. He didn't have to spend this time in the hospital. There was no rule nor regulation that called upon him to do it. But he wanted to save every life that could possibly be saved, and he wanted to be sure that everything that could be done was being done, so he went himself to see about it. And he knew, too, that most of these men were going to get well, that when they recovered they would remember that their general stuck by them when they were in a tight place and that they would be eager to do the same by him. This is only one of the things that built for Major-General McCain the loyalty of every man under his command.

As September drew to a close the daily death toll grew. On

September 23 there were 63 deaths, on September 24 there were 66, on the 25th there were 77, on the 26th there were 60, on the 27th there were 81, the highest daily death toll during the epidemic. From that time on the daily death list decreased, 56, 45, 29, 30, 14, 17, 14, eight, and so on until the pre-epidemic average was reached, which was only one or two a week.

In all there were about 800 nurses, officers and men who succumbed to the epidemic, a low figure compared to the harvest of the grim reaper in other camps and in many civilian communities.

After days and nights of the bitterest kind of fighting, Camp Devens had won its first victory. The Spanish influenza was completely stamped out and Camp Devens was one of the cleanest and healthiest spots in New England.

It was a victory won with the sacrifices that attach to all real victories. From the time the epidemic broke out approximately 14,000 men were in hospital with influenza and pneumonia at Camp Devens. One out of every 18 of these cases died.

There were undoubtedly hundreds of cases of great sacrifice and devotion passed by unnoticed, except by a very few. But there are other cases of both women and men who did their duty and a lot besides that came to the attention of the authorities, and many of these went on record.

The whole battle to rid the camp of Spanish influenza is a story of never-ending toil, of sleepless days and nights, of heroic devotion to duty, of weary, heavy-lidded, dogged resistance against an unseen and practically unknown foe; of calm and patient women, working on sheer nerve, of brave but inexperienced men, setting their hand to a task and struggling to absorb a knowledge of their work as they felt their way along, and of overworked physicians, fighting, fighting, fighting and never ceasing to fight until every single man had been attended.

It was a struggle, in which the members of the Army Medical Corps lived up to the best and highest traditions of the country.

The base hospital contained 1,800 beds when the epidemic descended upon it. At the height of the epidemic there were close to 10,000 patients and through it all the base hospital kept 1,000 beds ahead of the need.

When the epidemic started there were some 200 nurses, including the members of the Nurses' Training School, at the Base Hospital. Almost over night there were more patients in the hospital than it would seem humanly possible for 200 nurses to take care of. They kept going, however, and every man was cared for before a single nurse rested.

There were enough doctors to care for any reasonable number of patients that might be expected to be in the hospital at one time. But when the deluge came the doctors showed themselves to be of the same stuff as did the nurses.

As the epidemic developed there was no such thing as enough nurses and doctors. The hospital used every last one that could be procured, and still more were needed. But those who were on duty did the work of two and three, and somehow every patient was cared for.

As quickly as it could be secured, assistance was brought in from the outside. This help consisted of both military and civil. Army doctors and nurses were rushed from other camps and army posts. Offers of help from civilian organizations all over New England began to come in, and many of them were accepted. Every one who could help and who wanted to, came pretty near having a chance to make good. And most of them did.

Five girls who were serving their country at the Camp Devens Base Hospital made the supreme sacrifice; they contracted the disease they were fighting and died. They died the death of a soldier. They stuck to their posts until the end, without a thought of themselves and with only their duty in

mind. When the decline in the epidemic came there were 400 nurses at the hospital.

Two doctors gave their lives, also. One of them, Captain Charles A. Sturtevant of Manchester, New Hampshire, lost his life because he stuck to his post after he was ill himself. That his work for his country was appreciated by his Government was evidenced by the fact that his promotion to the rank of major arrived at Camp Devens the day after he died. Lieutenant Thomas R. Ferguson of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, was the other doctor to succumb to the influenza.

It would be impossible to give individual credit everywhere it is due, because, from the highest officers right down to the lowliest private, every last man and woman in camp did his and her duty. The men of the Sanitary Train were called upon to help, and Lieutenant-Colonel McCornack, the division surgeon, paid them high tribute for the manner in which they "went through." Colonel McCornack had been at that time about eleven years in the service, and during that time he had fought just about every kind of disease there is to fight, including an epidemic of black smallpox in China. And he knows service when he sees it. After the influenza epidemic had been conquered at Camp Devens, he told what he thought of these men:

We had to take men from the Sanitary Train and send them to the Base Hospital for duty. Most of these men were new to the service and they didn't know anything about hospital work.

They were told what they were up against. They knew that many of them were going to contract the disease and that some of them would die. But when they knew that men were dying at the hospital because their help was needed, and when the order came to go up there for duty, not a man of them so much as looked back.

And some did contract the disease and some of them did die, but they knew that it was part of the army game and they did it willingly and gladly, like true soldiers. They are just as truly heroes as though their lives had been given on the battlefields of France.

Ordinarily there isn't any special credit due a man for doing his duty, but certainly a word of commendation and praise is due these boys who were green at the game, but who were willing to play it to the best of their ability.

Ambulance drivers, orderlies, nurses and doctors—the story is the same from beginning to end. Every last one in the service vindicated the faith placed in him by his country and by his commanding officers. They showed the true spirit of America, that spirit before which nothing but the clear, bright flame of freedom and democracy can hope to stand.

The Red Cross lived up to its highest traditions also. They had a recreation building for convalescent Base Hospital patients right beside the hospital, and that building was turned over to the forces that were fighting the plague. The Red Cross also supplied much medical material to the military authorities, and the workers were devoting themselves day and night to the sick men and to the relatives of those men who were hurrying toward Devens from almost every state in the Union.

The Knights of Columbus turned their Base Hospital building over to the military authorities for the housing of sick men and they devoted another building to the use of relatives of the men, housing them there during the crisis of their boys.

The Hostess House, which was early established at Camp Devens by the Young Women's Christian Association and was under the supervision of Miss Annette Griggs, became a large dormitory for the accommodation of people whose loved ones were facing the Hereafter up at the hospital, and the Hostess House also ran a motor bus to the hospital for the benefit of fathers and mothers of sick boys.

It was the same with the Y. M. C. A., as with all the rest of the welfare organizations. Their Base Hospital hut became a ward, and the secretaries devoted themselves to the sick and dying.

Perhaps no one worked any harder than did the chaplains. These big-hearted men practically lived in the wards, comforting the dying, writing letters for the men, guiding frantic parents through the lines of cots in the hospital, which filled

even the corridors, and doing a thousand and one things to be of assistance.

For the chaplains in this army that we raised were general utility men, friends of the soldiers who could be called on for anything that might come up where an outside and disinterested party was necessary. They did everything from performing marriage ceremonies to judging a broncho-breaking contest, from writing musical comedies for the men to act to refereeing basketball and baseball games. There were no better loved men at Camp Devens than the "sky pilots."

And perhaps right here may be mentioned what was considered by many one of the crowning achievements of one of these soldier parsons, though chronologically it is a little out of place in this narrative. After their long battle with the influenza, on top of their intensive training, which was halted by the coming of peace, the regiments of the 12th Division vied with each other for supremacy in sports, drills, music, education, all kinds of contests, and finally in the matter of dramatics.

The writer of this story is not sufficiently versed in the fine points of drama and music to dare to name the leading regiment of the division in the histrionic field, but certainly no chronicle of the events at Camp Devens would be complete without mentioning the final big show of the 73d Infantry.

The 74th Infantry produced a revue in the fall of 1918 that created a sensation in camp. It was shown at the Liberty Theater, and was a huge success, as there was plenty of talent of all kinds in every outfit. Straightway the 73d set out to go the 74th one better, and in this they were most heartily supported by their commanding officer, Colonel James B. Kemper.

The regiments had considerable funds, collected for the benefit of the men when they got overseas. These had to be disposed of, for the benefit of the men, before demobilization or they were to be turned into the treasury of the United States. So the 73d decided to spend some of their money on a "regular

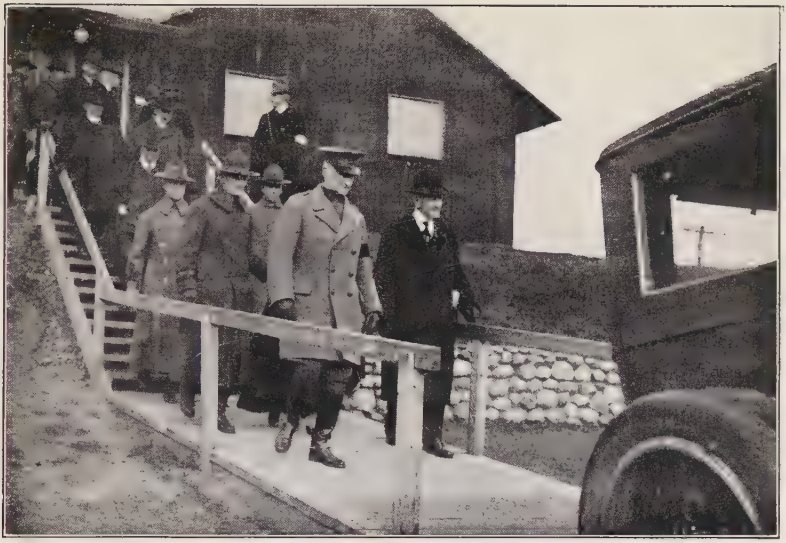
show." One of their chaplains happened to be a particularly accomplished man; apparently a sort of jack-of-all-trades. He was Father John F. Conoley, formerly of St. Augustine, Florida, and, before he left the service, camp chaplain at Devens. To him fell the task of writing a show for the 73d, and with a will he set himself to do it.

On January 27 and 28, 1919, "Cho Cho Sin," a musical tale of the east, was presented by one of the finest amateur theatrical companies ever seen in Massachusetts. It was written and produced for General McCain. The men did the work. They built their own scenery, wrote much of their own music. Chaplain Conoley furnished the lines. Mrs. Kemper, wife of the "K. O.," assisted by Mrs. P. J. H. Farrell and Mrs. E. H. Adams, provided the costumes. The spirit of the regiment, which was to be found in every regiment of the 12th, did the rest.

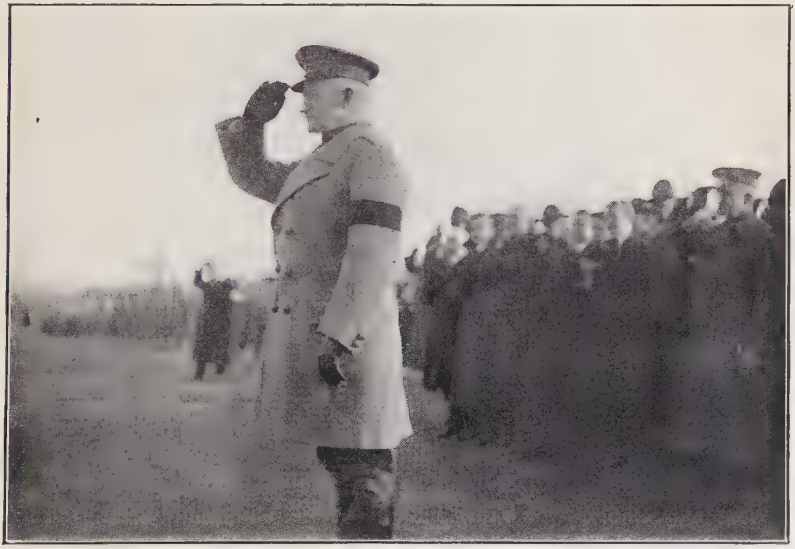
The special music was composed by Sergeant George R. Tompkins, bandmaster of the 73d. The show was produced under the direction of Lieutenants Charles A. Lee and C. F. Kirschler. Sergeant "Ted" Stanley painted the scenery and the posters for the outside of the theater. The star of the production was Private F. T. LeM. Easter, before the war a member of the Russian Ballet, and one of the most accomplished actors to be found in camp.

For two nights and one matinée the show played to packed houses. But to the officers and men in camp the opening performance was the biggest and best of all. For just before the curtain went up that night the men of the 73d, through Chaplain Conoley, paid their own public tribute to their commanding general, who was present, as he always was, to see the efforts of his boys, and to applaud them.

Just before the lights were dimmed Chaplain Conoley appeared before the curtain. He raised his hand for silence, and then in a quiet but sincere voice told General McCain how much the men of the 12th Division thought of their chief. He



General Edwards and Governor McCall Visit Devens

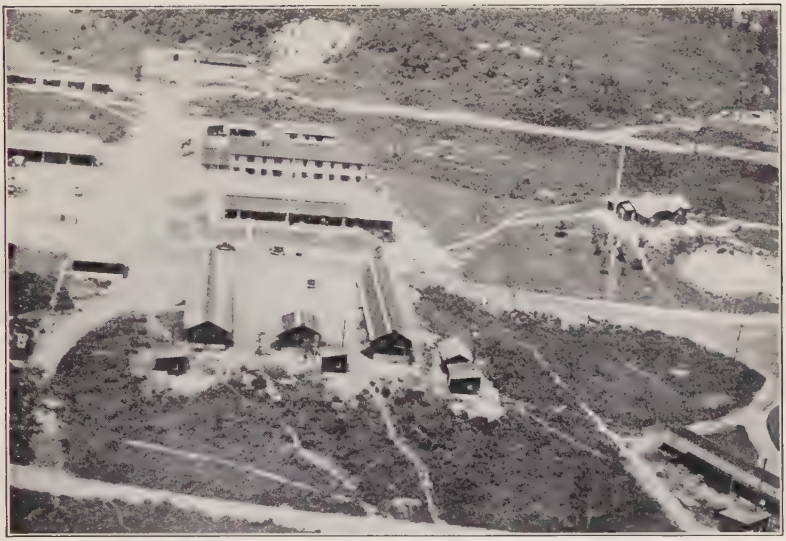


General Edwards of the Y-D Saluted the Colors of the Plymouth Division, and Then Said He Understood Why the Germans Quit: "The 12th Was Coming"

Colonel Byroade, Lieutenant Parker, General McCain and Major Hitchcock and the Colors of the Plymouth (12th) Division

Photo by A. L. Belcher, Globe

Major Barratt O'Hara Appeals for Support of the Liberty Loan
Left to right: Major O'Hara, General McCain, Colonel Lott, Colonel Adams, Captain Cape



The Aviators Were About the Only Ones Who Looked Down on Division Headquarters

Captain Livingston Swentzel, Observer, and Lieutenant "Rube" Moffat, Pilot, in One of the Airplanes That Were Stationed at Devens

Photo by Leonard Small, Boston Globe

THE PLYMOUTH DIVISION PASSES IN REVIEW

voiced, also, what the men of the division had felt throughout their service, though few were able to express it in words. Chaplain Conoley said:

Ladies and Gentlemen—It gives us great happiness to greet you—to have you as our guests this evening while we turn from the sterner duties that are incumbent upon us to frolic and play for your entertainment. And we are, indeed, happy that you are here to help us pay tribute to one who holds our admiration, our respect, and our affectionate esteem. And since this is his play, in that it was planned, evolved, and produced in his honor, I am sure you will all pardon me if I address myself directly to General McCain.

Sir—I trust you will accept this small effort made by the men of the 73d as a proof of the affection we all have for you. We came to this camp and into this Plymouth Division very raw material—poor soldiers. But we all brought with us the determination to lay upon the altar of possible sacrifice that which all men hold most dear—our lives. Day after day we were trained in the ways of war under your guidance and direction; day after day we felt the small things of life fall away from us, felt the urge of that manliness and generosity that is characteristic of the trained and disciplined soldier, realized our own deficiencies, and did what I think we can truthfully call our honest best to measure up to the standard that was set for us higher up. The result has been that every man of us is leaving the division with a bigger, broader mind and heart, motived to the bigger things of life by discipline and devotion to duty actuated by principle. The things we have learned here will influence our very thought in after days, make us better men, and give the Nation nobler, better, citizens.

Example, Sir, is the most potent factor in life—we pattern ourselves, almost unconsciously, after those who command our respect and esteem. And your share in our life here was a powerful incentive to greater development because we knew well that nothing in the way of sacrifice or devotion to duty was asked of us that was not first done at Division Headquarters by the commanding general.

We are proud to have it said of us that we are "McCain's men of the 12th." We are sorry beyond words that we had no opportunity to express in vivid action our real devotion to your person. And, since we are so soon to be separated, we felt that we must do some little thing that would in some small way tell you of our regard. This evening's play is the result.

Sir, this is all a tribute to you! These men have worked night and day for a week—sometimes all night—in order to greet you here with this performance. When the news came of our departure, the cast of the play declared its unwillingness to leave until we should give this expression of our

esteem for you. It is the tribute of the men of the 73d to their commanding general.

And so we are to take you tonight far from military terms and affairs and raise the curtain upon ancient Bagdad, while girls dance and boys sing and love and comedy and tragedy are all portrayed in brilliant costume—and it is all for you. We thank you for your share in our lives here, for your part in the new breadth of mind and heart that has come to us all—a breadth of thought that will go, only God knows how far, to make this world a better place to live in. We have learned the real meaning of those magic words "the service"—and we leave the army not as men who turn from a stern and distasteful duty to more pleasant tasks, but as men who are better men from having lived for a time heart to heart with those exponents of service and devotion to duty who make up the armed service of these United States.

As the play proceeds and you are amused, let this thought attend you—that every word of the play, every stick of the scenery, every bit of costume, is a material proof of the affection we have for you—the commanding general of the 12th Division.

That expressed it. The spirit was there. Everybody saw it. And it was such doctrines as this that the army chaplains at Camp Devens sought to instill into the men—the strong, manly doctrines of real Americans. They all helped, every last parson. Perhaps that was one of the reasons why the chaplains of the 12th Division were so popular.

Chapter XVI

THE 12TH DIVISION BREAKS SOME RECORDS

On September 22 General McCain sent out a request through the camp for an appropriate name for the 12th Division. Every officer and man was invited to suggest one, which, according to the request, should be short, snappy and appropriate.

There were some interesting suggestions made, of course. There couldn't help being, with 30,000 brains conjuring up all kinds of queer and ludicrous names for the outfit. As a matter of fact nearly 150 suggestions were made. Among them being such names as "The Do or Die Division," "The Hell Roarers," "The Midnight Division," "The Terrible Twelfth," "The Dirty Dozen," etc. Perhaps none caused more mirth, however, than the suggestion that the 12th Division go across under the name of "McCain's Dutch Cleansers."

But it was General McCain who finally named the outfit, though the name he chose was suggested by several others, also. He decided to call it "The Plymouth Division," inasmuch as the division was training in the Pilgrim country and the name was so typically American. The selection pleased every one, and from the time it was made until the big fighting machine passed out of existence the name was used even more than the official designation.

At the same time an official insignia was designed at the order of General McCain. Captain Henry Cape, Jr., the general's senior aid, had much to do with making the design. It consisted of a bayonet running through the figures 12, the combination being superimposed on a diamond-shaped background with two stars. It was both artistic and significant.

Devens, from the time General McCain took command, seemed always to be the cantonment picked out for any new

experiment. And usually the experiment worked. It was so with the first Noncommissioned Officers' Training School to be established in the whole United States Army—a place where likely men could be sent, and after a few weeks' training be qualified to take up the important duties of a noncommissioned officer.

For a good noncom. is even as a pearl without price. Usually they graduate from the school of years of experience. But there was a crying need for them in this new army of ours, and something had to be done about it. A young man named Major Edwin F. Harding was placed in command of the school. He selected 20 of the best qualified men from each company in the Depot Brigade, gathered together a group of experienced officers and started to make ready-to-wear, 100 per cent efficient, noncommissioned officers. And the experiment worked. It worked so well that had the war gone on these schools would have been established all over the country at the various training camps.

As each experiment proved successful the entire cantonment seemed to glory in its success. The spirit and team work that was evident so soon after the formation of the division grew along with the efficiency of the big machine, and every incident big enough to attract the attention of any considerable group of men in the outfit almost immediately aroused the interest of the whole camp. It was nothing to be surprised at, then, that on the last day of September, just as retreat sounded, about every road leading to the main parade field was choked with racing men as two specks appeared in the sky above the camp. It was the arrival of the two airplanes referred to.

Like giant eagles they floated down out of the sky, and they were forced to circle the field several times at a very low altitude, while a squad of M. P.'s cleared the enthusiastic doughboys off the field in order to give the planes a chance to make their landing without endangering the lives of about half of the men of the 12th Division. As they taxied across the field

and finally came to rest opposite the Division Officers' Club the men swarmed around them and watched the aviators alight. The planes had flown from Mineola—225 miles away —in two hours and ten minutes.

Both planes were equipped with wireless, and it was the use of that wireless that was to prove invaluable to the training. The two planes worked with the school over the Still River battlefields, reporting enemy positions, directing the fire of imaginary artillery and communicating all sorts of information to the school while the planes were still high in the air. This was done by having a mobile wireless station on the battle grounds. The planes also took pictures of "enemy" positions, flew back to camp with the negatives, delivered them at the topographical office where they were developed, and one hour after the pictures had been taken the prints were in the hands of the members of the school who were still out on the combat ranges. This was all done under the direction of Captain Michaud of the French Army, a liaison expert.

The effect that can be obtained from a brief period of 21 days of real hard training was never better shown than by the second review of the 12th Division, which was held on October 5. Even to comparatively inexperienced eyes the difference in the appearance of the men was positively amazing. Officers of the Depot Brigade, who had been at Camp Devens all through the training of the 76th Division and who watched it grow and improve many, many times, after having been stripped of its best men, remarked that the manner in which the Plymouth Division picked up was the most startling thing they had seen in their military careers.

And following the second review of the division General McCain said that even his expectations had been surpassed. He said that these reviews would be held frequently, not only to enable the staff to keep familiar with the stages the training had reached, but also for the sake of the men, for it is an established fact that there is no better morale builder for troops in

training than to let them see as often as possible the improvement in themselves.

It is not necessary to recount step by step the training of the Plymouth Division. They covered every bit of ground covered by the 76th, and in fifteen weeks trained to a point where they were ready for overseas service. It was the quickest trained division New England ever turned out, and, according to the reports made by high foreign officers, it was one of the six best divisions in the whole United States Army.

Of course this did not mean that when the armistice was signed the 12th Division was ready to take its place in the battle lines. It meant that the division had completed its preliminary training and was ready for transport to France, where it would enter on the last stage of its training, when the Infantry Brigades would hook up with the Artillery Brigade, and the two arms would tear through a final training that would send them up to the fighting front right on the crest of their highest point of efficiency and morale. This was the plan, apparently, and the 12th was one of nearly a dozen divisions so trained.

As a matter of fact the officers from the Inspector General's Department in Washington had completed their inspection of the division just prior to the cessation of hostilities. No one is supposed to know what the inspectors think of an outfit, but on the day these officers left Camp Devens having dictated their report on the division and sent it to Washington by telegraph, it was whispered that the report was one of the most enthusiastic that was ever made during the war on any division.

Everybody around camp knew they were going. The officers were buying their overseas equipment. (Many an officer of the Plymouth Division has in his possession to this day a Sam Browne belt and overseas cap that he was never privileged to wear, though he had to pay for it.) The baggage was being packed and stenciled. The end of November would probably have seen the whole division in France. Reports had been received from the Artillery Brigade in the South that it was

in just as fine shape as the Infantry. Everybody was in the highest of spirits.

Then came the armistice!

Things had been breaking fast in Europe, but few at Camp Devens had had time to notice. The Allies were sweeping forward in an irresistible wave, carrying everything before them. The Americans were covering themselves with glory and driving the Germans on and on, back toward their own borders. The Plymouth Division was just aching to get in on it.

The advance school detachment of the 12th Division, those who go on before and pave the way for the main body, had reached France, though they had to turn right around and come back again. But at least a part of the Plymouth Division had reached foreign soil.

And even when the armistice was signed it was not at all certain for some time that the 12th Division wouldn't go anyway. That was their hope, and they did not relax one bit in their training and preparations until orders came for them to do so. On the day the signing of the armistice was announced General McCain said:

This is the time for cool heads. Until we receive orders to the contrary we shall continue to train just as hard as though the Boche was still to be met. No one can tell what will develop on the other side. No man can say what conditions will have to be met and dealt with in the enemy's territory. The simple signing of an armistice, while hostilities have ceased and will probably not be resumed, does not affect the 12th Division in the least. We shall carry on. There must be no letting up until orders to do so are received.

I have great confidence in this Division. It is the best any man could desire to command. I know that these men of mine are going to see this thing in the proper light and that they will continue to prepare, prepare, prepare until the last crisis has been passed, just as they would have fought, fought, fought until the last victory was won. That is the spirit that permeates the 12th Division. We shall carry on!

And the division did carry on, right up to the time orders came for demobilization. There was a gradual let down in the training, of course, but the men were kept busy, just the same.

Those who were in camp on the night of the signing of the armistice saw something nobody had ever seen at the cantonment before. For despite the fact that the men were eager to get across, there was joy in the hearts of all. And they cut loose and showed it. The war was over. Pretty soon, probably, they would have a chance to get back to their homes and to peaceful civilian pursuits. And so they celebrated. There were parades and there was singing and shouting and general rejoicing all over camp.

Boston newspapers were rushed to Devens on special trucks and these were snatched up by the men eagerly. They wanted to know all about it. And when they read the brief dispatches, they began celebrating all over again. Another celebration was going on out at the camp where the German prisoners were confined, eight miles from the cantonment proper. They heard about it too, and they wildly demonstrated their joy at the defeat of their All Highest, though it was really delight at the knowledge that hostilities had ceased, and soon they would be released and allowed to go back to their homes and families, which they had not seen in four years.

The problem then was how to keep the Camp Devens men contented until such time as the vast war machine could be thrown into reverse and could be started unmaking the army it had taken all these months to make. Obviously it would be childish to make men go on with intensive training when they knew that they would not be likely ever to have a chance to put that training into practice. But they must be kept busy, for idleness breeds discontent.

Athletics played no small part in keeping the men busy. From the time it was founded Camp Devens devoted much time to sports, and some of the finest teams in New England were gathered together in this camp during the war. Athletic officers were appointed from the very beginning, and to them fell the task of organizing and training teams and arranging schedules.

The first athletic officer appointed at Devens was well known throughout the country, Captain Richard F. Nelligan, who was appointed to direct the athletics of the entire cantonment. Lieutenant Robert C. Deming was athletic officer for the 76th Division, and with the departure of that unit Captain F. S. Mathewson became athletic officer for the entire camp. On the appointment of Captain Charles Coolidge to the post of camp athletic director, Captain Mathewson became athletic officer of the Depot Brigade.

Throughout the entire training of troops at Devens inter-regimental competitions in baseball, basketball, soccer, boxing, volley ball, football, and all the other favorite sports of American young manhood formed a large part of the men's amusements. Four baseball leagues were formed in the Depot Brigade—the National, American, Southern and Federal—and twilight baseball games were played every night during the season.

Boxing matches in which professionals from outside the camp were pitted against soldiers were held in the Y auditorium every Thursday night, and these fights never failed to draw big crowds. Then, too, boxing was taught the men as part of their military training, and a boxing tournament in which every man in the cantonment was to participate was arranged.

The football championship of the Depot Brigade for the season of 1918 was won by the 11th Battalion after one of the bitterest fights ever witnessed on any gridiron in camp, and there were many. After playing two no score games with the 5th Battalion for the championship, the 11th Battalion carried off the honor by a score of 19 to 0. The victory was largely due to Sergeant Howard Coughlin, who kicked four field goals. The championship was won in the presence of the entire Depot Brigade, and General McCain and his staff were also present.

The All-Camp-Devens team of 1918 was one of the best football teams in the army and it finished the season as the champion team of the East. It defeated Brown University,

20 to 7; the Garden City Aviators, 21 to 0; the Harvard Radio School, 10 to 0; and the Camp Merritt team, 13 to 7.

The team included many prominent college players, such as Captain George Hoban of Dartmouth and Lehigh; Sergeant Jack Malone of Syracuse; Lieutenant Seeley of Washington and Lee; Lieutenant Cobb and Sergeant Davis of University of Maine; Lieutenant Robbins of Tufts College; Lieutenant Taylor of the University of Texas; Captain Kusche of the New York A. C.; Lieutenant Burke of Holy Cross; Captain Jack Maguire (since deceased) who was a member of the All-America Army team for several years; Lieutenant Mulcahey of Georgetown; Lieutenant McGrath of the University of Minnesota; Corporal Thomas of the University of Nebraska, and Corporal Redman of Norwich University.

So well did the athletic officers perform their task that it was hard to find a day or night when some kind of an athletic contest was not in progress in camp.

And so, gradually, the activities were shifted from intensive training for active service to training for their return to civilian life. And now that they had time to spare it was decided to give the home folks an opportunity to see what these men had learned in the few short weeks they had been training, and a three-day military carnival to which all New England was invited was staged on November 25, 26 and 27.

Before the carnival was held the first orders on the discharge of men had come through, and the program for getting rid of the soldiers at Camp Devens could be fairly well surmised. The first men to go were all "enemy aliens" who, while inducted into the service, had been shifted into the development battalions and were in reality just about "earning their keep" there.

Chapter XVII

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

On November 18 orders came from the Adjutant-General's Office in Washington to the effect that the clearing out of Camp Devens would begin with the Depot Brigade. This organization, consisting of thirteen battalions, or 52 companies, was to be reduced to four battalions. The best men in the brigade were to be transferred to these four battalions and the rest were to be discharged from the service. It was then obvious that the Depot Brigade was to be used as a mill for the discharge of returning soldiers. Because of the vast amount of paper work attached to such a program, however, it was some time before demobilization actually started.

It was not until November 29 that the first men were actually discharged from the service under demobilization orders. They went out through the same building they had entered, by the "receiving station" in the Depot Brigade, and once the authorities started sending them out the work went on with a rush. Again Camp Devens led the way with an efficient system for discharging these men.

Captain George C. Tait, the camp personnel adjutant, submitted the basis of the plan that was finally adopted, and this plan was improved upon and details added until Camp Devens later broke all records in the American Army for the daily discharge of troops. The men signed their final statements, received their discharges, drew their pay and travel money, and bought their railroad tickets all in one building, being passed from window to window in a never-ending stream. Lieutenant R. J. Cotter had actual charge of the discharging station, and the machine worked as smooth as grease.

But this army was not just being thrown out into the world

again, as a big machine might be "junked." It was being taken apart piece by piece, each part being labelled and laid away for future use, in case such use was necessary. Each man was physically examined when he entered the service and each man was physically examined before he left. His entire record, up to the last day he was in the army, was kept and later sent to Washington, where it still is, ready at any moment to be drawn out again in case of an emergency. It is much easier to tear down than it is to build up; that is, as a general rule. But in this case the tearing down was almost as big a job as the building.

These men, who had come into the army singing and shouting and ready for anything, went out just the same way. The experience had broadened out the country boy. It had made the city lad a little more tolerant. There isn't much doubt that—though many didn't like cantonment life very well—it made them just a little bit better citizens than they would have been otherwise. And so, as they came in, they went out with a song on their lips and in their souls; conscious, whether they had been across and met the enemy face to face or not, that they had "done their bit."

The breaking up of the Plymouth Division started before the orders to demobilize that unit were issued. It started on the first day of December, when orders were received to send the 42d Infantry to Camp Upton, at Yaphank, Long Island, New York. They were ordered there for duty as guards.

The order came unexpectedly, but General McCain resolved that before the parting came the division should be gathered together at least once more. And it was gathered together, gathered in the most unusual way ever heard of at Camp Devens. The general found, some distance away from the camp, a natural amphitheater, a bowl between several New England hills. This he had cleared of all trees and underbrush, so that men could be massed in it. It was here that he had decided to say farewell to his command, this wonderful

fighting machine he had constructed and had learned to love so much.

On December 3, the 20,000 men of the Plymouth Division at Camp Devens marched across country to this bowl, and regiment by regiment, battalion by battalion and company by company, were poured into it. They just about filled it to the brim. In the exact center of the bowl a huge staging had been erected. When, after two hours, the division was finally arranged, a picture of the entire 20,000 was taken, a picture so large and with every face so clear that, with the assistance of a small reading glass, it was possible to pick out almost every officer and man in it. It was one of the most remarkable of photographs.

And to any one who happened to be present it was a picture that scarcely needed to be recorded by camera for it will remain indelibly printed in his memory. From the bottom of the bowl, clear to the top, banked solid, were khaki-clad men. At the top, silhouetted against a gray sky, were the horsemen of the military police, together with the regimental and National colors. Down in front, headed by Bandmaster Modeste Alloo, director of camp music, were the massed bands of the division, some 250 pieces. Just in front of them was Major-General McCain, the two brigadier-generals and the headquarters staff.

Then came one of the most truly remarkable and thrilling moments in the history of the division. The general turned and faced his men. A trumpet shrilled piercingly clear, calling the entire command to attention. The sky was gray and overcast—a dull day. Bandmaster Alloo raised his baton. It descended with a sweep and that wonderful band crashed into "The Star Spangled Banner." With the first note of the National anthem the sun burst through the clouds in all its glory, flooding the bowl with its brilliance and causing the silken flags along the hilltop to flash out in a blaze of color almost blinding.

The entire division was standing at salute. The mighty voice of the band carried the anthem right through to the end, while tears rolled down the cheeks of many an officer and man who had come almost to worship this great big human machine. They would never be together like this again! This was the last time! In a few moments it would all be over!

As the last note died away and 20,000 arms dropped to 20,000 sides, General McCain stepped forward. His heart was pretty full. His voice was a little husky with emotion. He had to say goodbye. He was saying farewell to the division he had organized and trained and watched and cared for and loved. It was hard. He didn't try to orate. He just talked to his boys. And he didn't talk long.

This is probably the last time the division will be together. You have performed your duties like Americans, like the real soldiers you are. But even now you should hold yourselves in readiness and not be caught unprepared. No one can say what important work you may be called upon to undertake before the task of America is finally completed.

But whether you are asked to perform further service or whether you go to your homes I want you always to keep in your hearts the lessons you have learned in the army, to keep clean bodies, clean minds and never relinquish your high sense of loyalty to our Government.

That was about all, and when he stopped speaking a cheer went up that fairly rocked the countryside. Hats went into the air, thousands of them. It was a tribute to a great commander by a great division. Then the men marched back to camp.

On the day following the farewell the 42d Infantry was the guest of honor of the entire camp. All duty was suspended after 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and Colonel Kemper led his 73d Infantry down the main parade field in one of the snappiest regimental reviews that had been seen in some time. It was for the benefit of the departing 42d, and following the review there was a reception by the officers of the rest of the cantonment to the officers of the 42d. While this reception was going on the horses and mules and heavy baggage of the 42d

were being loaded preparatory to the departure of the regiment on the morrow.

On the same day that the 42d departed, the first detachment of wounded New England men arrived at Camp Devens to finish the convalescent period and for eventual discharge. They were almost entirely Yankee Division men, 41 of them, and they were as glad to reach Camp Devens as the men of the 42d were sorry to leave.

These wounded men were only the vanguard of thousands that were to pour in on Devens. A convalescent center was established in the Depot Brigade, and when a hospital train loaded with wounded arrived at Devens from hospitals and ports of debarkation to the South, the men were all taken to the Base Hospital first, where they were examined by surgeons. Those who were physically fit to stand it were assigned to the Convalescent Center and those who needed still further treatment were kept at the Base Hospital, being transferred to the Convalescent Center just as soon as their physical condition warranted it. And as soon as they were fit for discharge they were sent back to civilian life.

More wounded men arrived on the day following: 43 more, and word was also received to the effect that Camp Devens had been selected as one of the military cantonments through which thousands of men would pass on their way from the battlefields of France to civilian life. It was to be a demobilization camp, and one of the first outfits that would be sent there for demobilization was the United States Guards who had been on duty at bridges and munition plants throughout New England. These United States Guards were made up of men who had been found fit for domestic service only.

Steps were immediately started, when it was learned that Devens was to function as a demobilization center, to provide employment for the thousands of men destined to pass through the camp. An employment organization covering the entire country established offices at Camp Devens. The whole camp

was "posted" with placards telling what there was in the way of jobs, or where the men could find out about these jobs, and folks settled down to the task of providing the returning men with positions to go to as soon as they shed the uniform. Thousands of men left camp with jobs to go to as soon as they reached their home cities or towns, and in many instances these jobs were better than the ones they had filled before the war. The welfare organizations assisted whole-heartedly in this work and the Knights of Columbus ran an employment bureau for months after the biggest part of the demobilization job was over.

On December 11 New England had the first opportunity to give returning soldiers their first greeting from the home land as they arrived from abroad. The transport *Canopic* docked at Boston with 1,120 officers and men, largely Air Service men, who had been on duty in England with big Handley-Paige night bombing planes. Some of them had seen France, but the greater part of them hadn't. They arrived in the teeth of a blinding snowstorm, and though but few of them were from New England they received a welcome that almost swept them off their feet. The trains on which they came from Boston to Devens passed through what was to all intents and purposes a single long alley of shouting, cheering, singing, weeping men, women and children, while the city, town and village whistles tooted and shrieked a welcome, and flags flew on every hand.

At Devens they were met at the train by guides and motor trucks for their baggage, and they were led through the maze of streets and barracks to the quarters formerly occupied by the 42d Infantry, where they were at last informed that they were officially home. They were tired, but more hungry than tired. They were looking for "chow," until—some one discovered hot showers in the building at the rear of each barracks! Fatigue and hunger were immediately forgotten as the word of this find passed from lip to lip, and there was a young riot as the men rushed for that warm water, tearing off clothing at

MAJ. ALLAN POPE

MAJ. RALPH LOWELL

CAPT. H. G. CHAMBERS

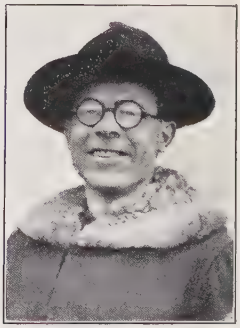
CAPT. CHARLES COOLIDGE

CHAP. C. V. SMITH

CAPT. R. S. EDWARDS

CAPT. JOHN BUCKLEY

CAPT. R. F. NELLIGAN



CHAP. LEVITT

THE CAMP DEVENS FOOTBALL TEAM OF 1918, CHAMPIONS OF THE EAST

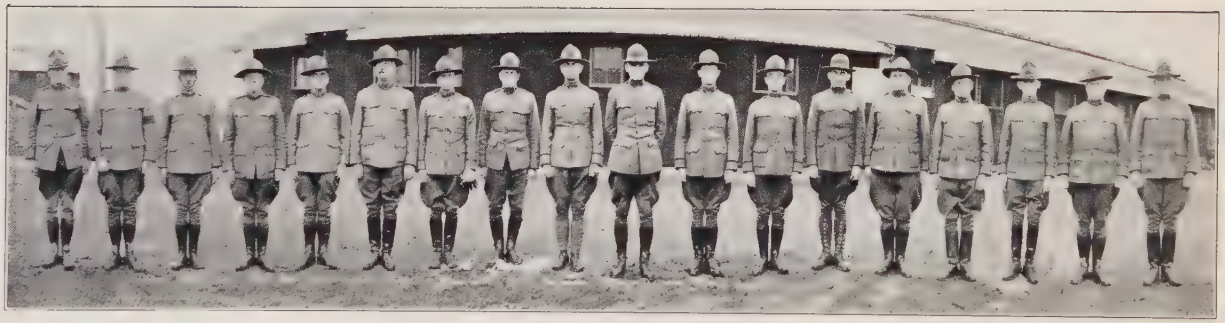
Back row, left to right: Cook J. P. Ryan, Lieutenant G. K. Richardson, Corporal P. A. Thomas, Captain F. S. Mathewson, manager; Sergeant Jack Malone, Corporal A. Feinburg, Lieutenant D. D. Chaffee

Middle row, left to right: Lieutenant M. F. Howard, Lieutenant C. C. Burke, Captain J. J. Maguire (since deceased), Captain George W. Hoban, captain and coach; Lieutenant R. S. Robbins, Corporal A. A. Redman, Sergeant Tom Davis

Front row, left to right: Lieutenant H. L. McGrath, Lieutenant H. Bissell, Lieutenant F. C. Cobb, Lieutenant G. M. Grayson, Lieutenant H. G. Traylor, Lieutenant J. F. Green, Lieutenant W. K. Seeley, Lieutenant M. J. Mulcahey

These Officers Conducted the First Non-Commissioned Officers' School to be Established in America

Calisthenics—"Some Exercise!"



MAJOR-GENERAL MCCAIN AND THE HEADQUARTERS STAFF OF THE PLYMOUTH (12TH) DIVISION

Left to right: Lieutenant George M. Parker, aide; Lieutenant Augustus F. Doty, aide; Captain Paul O. Cooper, Captain Frederick J. Lyon, Lieutenant-Colonel Philip H. Stoll, Lieutenant-Colonel Robert H. Rolfe, Colonel M. C. Tyler, Colonel George C. Shaw, Colonel A. G. Lott, Major-General H. P. McCain, Lieutenant-Colonel George T. Everett, Major W. J. Fitzmaurice, Captain Frank Ward, Lieutenant-Colonel Ira A. Smith, Lieutenant-Colonel C. C. McCornack, Lieutenant-Colonel Fred G. Miller, Major Charles C. Quigley, Major Percival Dove

every jump. The rush didn't stop until every *Canopic* man had bathed. Then they were ready for food.

Of course they had been given a wonderful reception and everything possible had been done for them by the good people of Boston and central Massachusetts, but it is perfectly safe to say that there was not a single feature of their welcome that appealed to them or was appreciated by them half as much as those showers.

Chapter XVIII

"MOPPING UP"

On December 13—lucky 13 this time—the skeleton of the old 76th Division arrived back at Camp Devens. There wasn't much left of it; in all 440 men and 27 officers of the Headquarters Troop, Headquarters Detachment and an ambulance company. They had been brought home on the transport *Kroonland*, which docked at New York, and they returned to Camp Devens on a special train from Camp Merritt, New Jersey.

They were glad to be back home, but they were heartsick over the fate of the old division, which had been so broken up that these men were scarcely able to trace a single unit after it arrived at its training base in France. After telling all they could about what had happened to General Hodges' old outfit they discussed their "tough luck" at some length, and the discussion usually ended with a gloomy:

"Don't it beat Hell how the New England outfits have got it in the neck in this war?"

These men were mustered out of the service on December 17, and it is feared that some left the service with a bitter taste in their mouths.

Many of the returning overseas men—perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say "just about all"—came back to this country with "kicks" to make. And apparently most of them were legitimate. Men arrived at Camp Devens who had not been paid for eight and nine months. They hadn't received any money for so long that they had just about given up hope of ever getting any. It is only fair to say that the most of these were men who had been wounded and had spent months

in hospitals, though there were plenty who had not had this painful experience.

Relief came to them as soon as General McCain found out about their cases. He went down to their quarters and interviewed them personally. When he left he ordered the camp disbursing officer to pay the men what was due them at once. He didn't wait to wade through red tape or even to get authority from Washington, though he wired and asked for authority to pay them as soon as he found out about their cases. If the War Department had ruled that these men should not be paid until their papers were found or until each individual case had been straightened out through military channels—a procedure that would have taken weeks—he would have been held personally responsible for the money that was paid out. But right is right with McCain, and he instructed his disbursing officer to pay each man what that man said was due him, in turn requiring the man to make affidavit that the amount he asked for was really due, and warning him that he would be liable to criminal prosecution if he intentionally made a false affidavit. There is no record at hand of any man who thus tried to "jip" the Government, and the men vindicated the trust placed in them by General McCain. In due time, of course, the authorization came through from Washington to pay the men off in this way.

And as the overseas men began to arrive Camp Devens took on added interest for New England folks, and they flocked to the big cantonment every day, and especially on Sundays and holidays. People who didn't know anybody there came in hopes they might find some man who knew some one they knew and to hear the boys' experiences at first hand.

And so the men continued to pour into Camp Devens and pour out again. They came by twos and threes, by half-dozens and dozens, by battalions and regiments and by the transport-load. It didn't make any difference how fast they came, apparently. There was always room for them and they were

shunted out of the service almost as quickly as they had been inducted.

Major General Hodges visited Camp Devens on December 26 for the first time since he arrived back from France. He went first to the Depot Brigade with the hope of finding some of his old command there, but about all of them had been discharged. He didn't say much about how he felt over what had happened to the 76th Division, but he obviously regretted the fact that the division didn't see action as a unit. He had nothing but the highest praise for the men of the old outfit, and stated that they had made good wherever they were sent. He was much interested in the changes that had been made in the camp, and made a tour all over it as the guest of General McCain.

That part of the Plymouth Division which saw foreign service arrived back at Devens on December 27. There were 82 men and 77 officers in the party, and immediately on arrival at camp they were sent back to their old units. They went first to England, where they remained in camp a few days, and then to France, soon being sent to a school at Chaumont. They had attended the school only half a day when the armistice came and they were ordered back to this country. They didn't have much to do, but the fact that they went over showed how near the 12th Division was ready to go.

Demobilization orders for the 12th Division arrived just in time to kill one of the biggest experiments ever tried in the United States Army. For two months, following the signing of the armistice, General McCain had been working out a plan whereby the men of his division might go back to civilian life better prepared to shake a living out of the world than when they entered the service. It has long been the contention that, while a man may learn something in the navy that will be of use to him on his return to civilian pursuits, the army offers little, except a chance to improve his physical condition. It was to alter this that General McCain proposed to try his new experiment.

With the assistance of prominent educational leaders in New England, he formed what was known as the Camp Devens Institute, an institution for the enlisted men, where they could get, absolutely free of charge, instruction in almost any trade or profession or subject that they might elect to study. Instructors from civilian life and also from the army offered their services and classes were just about ready to start—with hundreds of men eager to attend, for the idea found instant favor with them—in almost everything imaginable from plumbing to astronomy. Then, on January 7, orders came through from Washington to start the demobilization of the 12th Division, and the whole plan was knocked in the head. The orders read that up to fifty per cent of the strength of the division on November 13, 1918, just after the armistice, were to be discharged immediately, and there was no getting away from it. The men had to go, many of them reluctantly giving up this opportunity to better themselves, which would probably not present itself again for a long time, at least.

Comparatively soon after the first demobilization orders were received, came orders to let still more men go, and so, gradually toward the end, the Plymouth Division, with the exception of the Regulars who were in it, died out and as a division became extinct. It was one of the finest fighting machines ever constructed in any country, and General McCain could truly say of his 12th Division, as Major-General Clarence R. Edwards was proud to say of his 26th, "It was a division with a soul," and with an unbeatable spirit of burning patriotism, from the commander right down to the lowliest private.

General McCain stayed on at Devens long after the 12th Division was demobilized. He remained as cantonment commander and devoted his efforts to building up a demobilization machine that held the record for any camp in the country on daily discharge. The wounded and maimed continued to pour into the Base Hospital and the Convalescent Center as long as there were any left overseas to come home. They were coaxed

back to health and strength, in so far as it was possible to do so, at the Base Hospital, and many of them, during their convalescent days, attended the classes conducted by the "reconstruction aids" in the Red Cross building, newly erected behind the Base Hospital for the purpose of teaching the wounded and permanently maimed man some method of earning his living when he got out of the service.

The Red Cross, perhaps, did more for the wounded men at Camp Devens than any other organization, though every single society represented at Devens did everything they possibly could. But the Knights of Columbus and the Y. M. C. A. and the Jewish Welfare Board and the Salvation Army and the others had their hands pretty full with the well ones. The Red Cross had a recreation building right beside the Base Hospital, and to that building many of the wounded and sick were able to hobble.

Almost every week, usually on a Friday, a delegation of actors would come up from Boston in the afternoon and give these boys the best they had to offer from the little stage in one end of the building. Fred Stone brought about half his company up there on more than one occasion. Every member of the company "made up" and donned the stage costumes and exerted himself or herself to the utmost for the benefit of these boys. And when one part of the company had "done their turn" on the stage they went right over to the hospital and travelled from ward to ward, singing and laughing and chatting with the men and doing everything in their power to make painful hours shorter and brighter and help the lads on their way to recovery.

Fred Stone nearly lost one of his biggest attractions the first time he brought his players up to Camp Devens. They were known as the Six Brown Brothers, and they all played saxophones. It was the kind of music these lads had ached for through many weary months, light, frothy, "jazzy" and full of pep. It just swept them off their feet. When the sextet

finally got away from the Red Cross building they were as breathless and perspiring as though they had just broken all records for the mile run, but they headed for the hospital just the same, short of breath but long on spirit.

They started to play almost as soon as they entered the door, and then they marched from ward to ward, filling the squat, rambling building with ragtime that nearly cured half the hospital right then and there. They played and played and played, and still the men begged for more, begged so hard that the good-hearted players could not resist, and when Mr. Stone and the rest of his company were all changed and ready to start back for Boston and the evening show the Six Brown Brothers were still missing. Finally Mr. Stone himself had to go and simply drag them away, with promises to come again, which they did.

So it went all through the winter, men coming in almost every day, transports landing in Boston laden with war-weary doughboys who were shipped immediately to camp, and spent an uncomfortable few hours going through the delouser, and shifting from their temporary billets in the "rest area" to their permanent billets in the camp proper. But their permanent billets were permanent in name only, for they were discharged or sent to other cantonments nearer their homes just as fast as they could be handled. Occasional lack of transportation tied up General McCain and his staff sometimes, but for the most part the men went through regularly and steadily. It was a humdrum process for the men who had to do the demobilizing, but an agreeable one for those being demobilized.

Chapter XIX

THE ARRIVAL OF THE Y-D

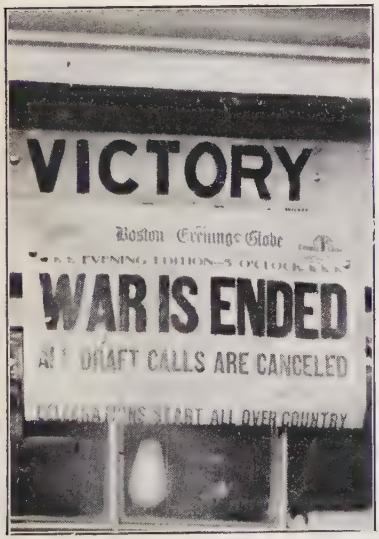
With the coming of spring there also came the last big event at Camp Devens—the arrival of the 26th (Yankee) Division, those heroic lads who for more than twenty months had trained and fought and bled and died in France. The only division New England was allowed to put into the fighting line as a representative unit, and one which upheld the highest traditions of its home states. The coming of these fighters was one of the most glorious days New England and Camp Devens ever knew.

It was on April 4 that the first of them arrived. Two days before Brigadier-General Charles H. Cole, who had come home in advance of the division, arrived at Devens and held conferences with General McCain and other officers concerned in the billeting, provisioning and discharging of the unit, so that when the huge transport *Mount Vernon* steamed majestically into Boston Harbor with 5,800 yelling officers and men on board of her, and Boston and the rest of New England was almost turning inside out with joy over their return, Devens was already to receive them.

That day will go down in history as one of the greatest the New England States ever knew. Certainly there was never such a reception tendered any other body of men, and nothing can ever surpass it for spontaneous joy and relief and just plain crazy hilarity. The men stepped right from the transport to the trains and were borne through more than fifty miles of screaming, whistling, weeping, shouting, clanging Massachusetts countryside. They almost ran a gauntlet of humanity right from the transports to the camp, for every town, city and hamlet turned out to the last man, woman, child and wiggling

Colonel George C. Shaw

Governor McCall, General McCain and General Edwards Proudly Watch the 12th Division



The "GLOBE" brings Glad Tidings

Captain John F. Conoley
Camp Chaplain

The First Bunch of Wounded Men to Arrive at Devens: Shot to Pieces, but Happy to be Home

Photo by George H. Davis, Jr., Boston Globe

Discharged! The Last March Through Camp, and One of the Happiest

Col. M. N. Falls

Lt.-Col. E. F. Harding

Lt.-Col. Frothingham

Maj. Philip S. Sears

Chap. J. H. Twitchell

Maj. Briggs

Capt. Vincent

Chap. L. A. Ramsay

Capt. Whitman

HOME AGAIN AFTER TEN MONTHS OVERSEAS—MEN OF THE 301ST FIELD SIGNAL BATTALION, 76TH DIVISION

cur dog to do honor to these men as they steamed by behind shrieking and decorated engines.

On their arrival at camp they were marched right to the rest area across from the quartermaster storehouses and all around the delousing plant, and there went into temporary billets, which consisted largely of tents. Within thirty minutes of the time the first trainload arrived, men were on their way through that delouser.

They weren't supposed to meet and greet their loved ones until after the deverminizing process was over, but it would have taken some force greater than that of arms to keep those joy-crazed mothers and fathers and sisters and sweethearts back, and in many cases husky, bronzed young fighters were swept right into the arms of their dear ones as they stepped from the trains, cooties or no cooties. The cooties were about the scarcest article to be found on the Y-D men, but the delousing had to be gone through as a precautionary measure.

As soon as they had been deloused, however, and came forth from the plant, hot and steaming and clean, they were shifted to their permanent billets and were allowed to mingle with the thousands of loyal New Englanders who flocked to camp to see them. Leaves were given, too, for the Yankee Division was to stay at Camp Devens for nearly a month so as to be able to parade through the streets of Boston as a unit and show the battle-scarred ranks to the home folks.

On the *Mount Vernon* were the Division Headquarters, with Major-General Harry C. Hale, then commander of the division; the Headquarters Troop and Military Police, the Headquarters of the 52d Infantry Brigade, the 101st Engineers and the 104th Infantry.

The transport *America* arrived on April 5 with 7,209 officers and men, including the 101st Infantry—the Boston Regiment—the Headquarters of the 51st Infantry Brigade and the 103d Infantry, with Brigadier-General George H. Shelton. They received a no less hearty reception.

The *Agamemnon* came in on April 7 with the 102d Infantry, the 101st Machine Gun Battalion and part of the 101st Field Artillery, 5,214 officers and men in all.

The camp was absorbing them as fast as they came, and they were going through the delouser at a greater rate of speed than the most optimistic had hoped for, though the delousing plant at Camp Devens was only a small one.

The *Mongolia* arrived on April 10 with the 51st Artillery Brigade, some 4,708 officers and men led by Brigadier-General John H. Sherburne. The remainder of the division arrived on the *Patricia* on April 17, the *Winifredian* on April 18 and the battleship *New Jersey*.

General Hale had established the Yankee Division Headquarters in the building just across Division Street from the Cantonment Headquarters, and he and his staff were working in the closest harmony with General McCain and the cantonment staff. It was one of the finest pieces of teamwork that had ever been seen at Camp Devens.

During the wait for all of the Yankee Division to get in and get deloused General Hale kept something doing every minute. Part of the men were away on pass all the time, but it was arranged that every regiment in the 26th Division should give a regimental parade on a separate day, thus affording the home folks an opportunity to see their own particular lads go through their paces, as permission to send units to their home areas for individual parades had been refused in Washington.

On April 19, when the 101st Infantry staged their parade before a perfectly tremendous gathering, General Peyton C. March, chief of the General Staff in Washington, arrived at Camp Devens for a conference with General McCain and to look over Camp Devens, which he had never seen before. He appeared on the main parade field where the 101st Infantry was drawn up and Colonel Edward L. Logan, commander of the regiment, was presented to him. He then made a tour of the cantonment with General McCain and departed that night.

No one knew just what his real reasons were for coming there, but they were ostensibly for the purpose of inspecting the cantonment with a view to buying it and making of it a permanent military post.

And Camp Devens had its biggest day still to come. It was on April 22, when the 26th Division made its last appearance as a full division in military formation. All New England came to the camp on that day. At least that was the way it seemed, for there was never before nor since such a crowd of humanity jammed together on one comparatively small area. The Military Police, who had the handling of the crowds, estimated that there were a quarter of a million visitors there, and it seemed to those who saw the ceremony that their estimate was a conservative one.

Wearing their steel helmets and carrying the weapons that had played so noble a part in the whipping of the Boche, the Yankee Division was drawn up on the main parade field at 1 o'clock in the afternoon. The governors of the six New England States were there. So was Major-General Clarence R. Edwards, organizer and trainer and commander of the division through the greater part of its fighting. The division was inspected by these notables, while the massed bands of the division—some 250 pieces—blared forth its stirring music.

Then came a ceremony New England had never seen before: the decorating of the colors of the division units with their battle streamers. These long bright ribbons, which were attached to the staffs of the regimental flags, were awarded by the War Department, and they were inscribed with the different battles in which each unit had taken part. The long line of colors moved forward to the generals, each color escorted by the commander of the regiment. It was a gorgeous spectacle.

Before the final act of this impressive drama—the last review—49 men received decorations for valor; 48 were military men and the 49th was a civilian, Michael Perkins of Boston, who received the Congressional Medal of Honor for

his son, young "Micky" Perkins, the bravest of the brave, who gave his life in France. Of the military men who received Distinguished Service Crosses and several varieties of foreign decorations, General Edwards awarded half and General Hale the other half.

Then came the review, and more than 20,000 men swept past a cheering host of proud and happy loved ones in the last strictly military maneuver of the 26th Division.

On Thursday, April 24, seven long trains, bearing approximately half the division, pulled out of Camp Devens bound for Boston. The division was to parade there on the 25th, to receive more plaudits from the home folks. Those who went on Thursday had that night in the city and after the parade immediately entrained for camp. The other half of the division went down on Friday morning, participated in the parade and returned to camp on Saturday. This was positively their last appearance, and on April 28 the demobilization of the division began.

In two short days Camp Devens was turned from a busy city, seething with humanity, to what seemed in contrast an almost deserted village. For Devens broke all records in the country in discharging the 26th Division. The record for the number of men discharged by any camp in one day up to that time had been about 4,000. On April 28, General McCain's discharging force, under the direction of Captain George C. Tait, camp personnel adjutant, discharged over 7,000 individual soldiers. These took in the men of the 101st, 103d and 104th Infantry Regiments. On the 29th they broke their own record by sending out more than 9,000 men. It was a feat as yet unparalleled in the military history of this country.

Chapter XX

"APRÈS LA GUERRE"

That was really the end of Camp Devens. More men continued to come. They came by the thousands, among them a number of famous New England units: The 14th (Railway) Engineers, recruited from the ranks of New England railroad men, and a unit which, despite many handicaps, made a proud name for itself and for New England while on the other side. The 301st Engineers of the old 76th Division also came in as a unit, after having been a part of the Army of Occupation in Germany for some time.

But these outfits were demobilized and the men discharged as quickly as possible, and the passing of the 26th Division really marked the end of Camp Devens as a center for the public interest.

Parts of the 32d Division arrived some time after the 26th, but they consisted of Middle West National Guard units and they were sent out to their own cantonments for discharge after being deloused at Camp Devens. The wounded continued to come as long as there were any left to be distributed, but soon these ceased to arrive, and finally the Base Hospital ceased to exist. Much of the great institution was closed up and what was kept open was used as a camp hospital only.

As the number of men dwindled and fewer and fewer came in for discharge, the whole Depot Brigade area was closed as well as the area known as the 303d and 304th Infantry barracks. Then the 302d Infantry area was closed, leaving only the 36th Infantry (the old 301st Infantry area) occupying infantry barracks. The artillery area was used to house the demobilization group as long as there was any left, but as the greater portion of our men returned from across the water, and Camp

Devens got fewer and fewer of them, the demobilization group was cut down until there were only about 100 men in it. Finally, as there was less and less for it to do, the demobilization group passed out of existence altogether, and with its passing Devens ceased to exist as a demobilization center.

So, while Camp Devens sprang up almost over night as regards population, it went down gradually, until less than 2,000 soldiers were left there. New England found it hard to reconcile the cantonment they had known during the war and the demobilization period with what they found there during the late summer and fall of 1919. From a vast area teeming with life and activity, the big camp seemed to sink into a sleepy, rather dreary looking expanse covered with weather-beaten buildings—and not much else.

The thousands of buildings that housed the tens of thousands of men were not torn down. They were just emptied and closed. The equipment they contained was cared for by the salvage officers, and the water was drained from the pipes to prevent their utter destruction with the arrival of cold weather. It was stated that it was considered inadvisable to try and dispose of any of the buildings not in use, even had the War Department showed any disposition to do so, because it would be a losing proposition for the Government in that it would actually cost money to give the lumber away, no contractor being willing, apparently, to tear down the buildings and carry away the material for the value of the material itself. It was said to be too expensive a task, owing for one thing to the location of the camp.

So the buildings just stayed there, and because there were not enough men stationed at Devens to do the work on top of their regular duties, civilian watchmen were hired to patrol the abandoned areas and act as guards against fires, etc. Hundreds of civilians had to be employed in other capacities also, in many cases the men who had been doing a particular job while in the service taking their discharges and then contin-

uing with the work as civilian employees at considerably more pay than the munificent army remuneration of $30 per. Especially was this true of clerks and men who had served in the Quartermaster Corps.

Then, too, the labor battalions, composed of colored lads from the South, went back to the land of sunshine, cotton and watermelons, and there were not enough men left to do their work. So, in the early fall of 1919, a detachment of one hundred general prisoners was sent up from New York to finish out their terms at Devens and there to perform whatever labor was required of them.

Many of these chaps—for the most part pretty good scouts who had simply been "out of luck" or rather wild during their service on the other side—attracted considerable attention from New England people on their arrival at Devens because of the disclosures that were then being made regarding the cruelties of Lieutenant "Hard-Boiled" Smith to American soldiers who came under his jurisdiction at Farm Number 2 near Paris. Some of these prisoners who came to Devens had felt the cruel and heavy hand of this petty tyrant, who, not content with abusing the bodies of American soldiers, sought to crush their spirits and if possible their souls. These lads who came to Devens told their stories to the *Boston Globe* and the *Globe* told them to New England.

And at last even these lads went away, swallowed up by hungry cities and towns all over the country. They left at least one beautiful piece of work behind them, however. Everybody who served at Devens will remember how bare of grass and how dusty the main parade field was, especially when there was a wind blowing and drills were going on at the same time. Well, it isn't bare any more. It was General McCain's idea to transform that barren expanse of earth into a green, velvety carpet, and he succeeded in doing it. He had the field ploughed up and seeded, the prisoners doing most of the work, and before the cold weather descended on the camp the main

parade field was covered with light green, tender grass. In the spring it was seeded again and rolled, so that summer found it a great, deep green carpet.

The general also had the ponds which were scattered over the camp stocked with fish and the entire reservation stocked with birds. This was accomplished through the generous co-operation of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Commission. Then every officer and man in the camp was made a "game warden," and they proved efficient ones, too.

General McCain was devoting his every effort to Devens and the men in it during the less strenuous times of peace just as he did during the busy days of war. He waged extensive recruiting campaigns throughout New England and brought hundreds of men into the Regular service.

Because of his own efforts and the assistance and co-operation of the Knights of Columbus, he had something to offer these men that few if any of the other camps in the country had. For in the big building near the camp post-office, which used to be the Camp Devens laundry, there was now the "Camp Devens Schools," an offspring of what would have been the Camp Devens Institute mentioned in a preceding chapter. Here men stationed at Devens could study almost any trade they chose, entirely without cost to themselves. Many a man took advantage of this opportunity to gain for himself, while serving in the army, something he could not have received in civilian life without considerable expense and double the amount of work.

A number of New England fathers and mothers heard about this school, wrote to the general for particulars and later sent their sons to him for a year of army training, coupled with an equal amount of trade training that enabled them on their return to civilian life to jump into the industrial scrimmage several stages ahead of the lads who were content just to get a job on their release from war service and work at it.

The general is a firm believer in universal training, but he insists that some such plan as this, where the young men of the

Major-General Harry C. Hale
Commander of the Y-D When It Returned from France

The "Mount Vernon" in Boston Harbor with Her Priceless Cargo: Victorious Doughboys

"Over the Top" for the Last Time, and Into the Arms of Their Waiting Families—Overseas Men Returning to Devens for Discharge

Dad Was Pretty Darned Glad
When the Boy Got Home
from the War

And "Somebody Else" Was Glad
to See "Him," Too

Major-General Hale Fastens Battle Streamers to the Colors of Every Regiment in the Yankee Division, While a Quarter of a Million People Look on and Cheer

The Colors of the 301st Engineers Coming Up to Dock at Boston, Just Back from France and Germany

Devens Had Its Own Railroad Yard, Only a Part of Which is Shown Here, but This Was the First Glimpse of the Camp for Thousands of Men Just Back from France

country will not only be taught to fight their Nation's battles but also their own industrial battles in civilian life, must be offered if the universal training idea is to be acceptable to the people of the United States. This has been General McCain's belief through many years of army experience, and he knows well the folly of asking and trying and hoping for a sizeable volunteer army in times of peace unless the army has something besides a small amount of money each month to offer the men of the country in return for their service.

And while on the subject of what General McCain did for Devens, for New England and for the country while he commanded Camp Devens, it might be well to mention what the members of Congress—not the War Department—did for him in recognition of his services. An honor was conferred on him that was not accorded any other officer in the United States Army.

On October 30, 1919, General McCain was summoned to Washington by members of both the United States Senate and the House of Representatives. In the room of the Speaker of the House, before a delegation of members of both Houses and General McCain's wife and daughter, Honorable Champ Clark of Missouri, Senator Chamberlain of Oregon who was chairman of the Senate Military Affairs Committee during the war, and Honorable "Uncle Joe" Cannon, paid personal and representative tribute to the soldier who stood before them. To "Uncle Joe" fell the honor of presenting to General McCain, in the name of the members of both Houses, a beautiful silver pitcher and tray engraved as follows:

> Presented to Major-General H. P. McCain by His Admirers in the Senate and House of Representatives of the Sixty-Fifth Congress as an Evidence of Their High Regard for Him as a Soldier and in Appreciation of His Great Efficiency and Uniform Courtesy While He Was the Adjutant-General of the Army.

Champ Clark declared that there was not a member of the House or of the Senate who did not feel under obligation to General McCain, and he said that the general was "one of the most efficient men who was connected in any way, shape, form or fashion with this war."

Senator Chamberlain said that when, on August 26, 1918, General McCain was transferred from the Adjutant-General's Department to command a training division there was not a man in the Senate or in the House who did not feel a sense of shock at the change.

"I say that without questioning the purpose of the military establishment or the efficiency or ability of General McCain's successor," said Senator Chamberlain, "but here was a man who had mobilized the army of the United States for the Mexican Border and had done it splendidly; here was a man who had been in the Adjutant-General's Department from 1900 until 1918, whose ability was conceded and acknowledged by everybody, transferred in a night to command a division, and everybody knew that that was not his particular line of duty.

"Some of us took the liberty of going to General McCain—I among the rest—and suggesting that if his friends could do anything to keep him where he was and where he had performed such splendid service, they would be glad to do it; but, like the true soldier and man he is, he said, 'I am, first, a soldier, and whatever command I receive I obey.'"

Senator Chamberlain went on to say that the secretary of war and the chief of staff both declared that General McCain was sent to train a combat division "because they wanted fighting men to train divisions and General McCain was a fighting man."

"Uncle Joe" Cannon said that, while Mississippi claimed General McCain, he belonged to the whole United States. And then, quietly but sincerely, he paid the following tribute to this soldier who had been summoned to Washington:

I would rather have lived the life General McCain has lived and performed the service to the Republic that he has performed than to have been Speaker of the House of Representatives, to have been a member of the Senate or to have had a four-year term as President of the United States.

General McCain, the country appreciates your great service. History will do you full justice, but, after all—and I turn here to Mrs. McCain and your daughter—the Congress of the United States and the people of the country owe you something now, because when you are dead and gone and they are dead and gone, you will be dead, and while it is nice to dwell in history as you will, yet some recognition of your great service, as I say, ought to be given by the people now.

General McCain, in presenting you with this testimonial of our appreciation we honor most ourselves.

The following day General McCain returned to Camp Devens. In speaking about the ceremony in Washington he said:

"That is reward enough for me. It means more than I can ever tell."

Later he was made a companion in the Order of St. Michael and St. George by the Prince of Wales during the latter's visit to this country.

New England naturally rejoiced with the general as these honors were done him, for people felt that in his services being so appreciated they were themselves honored. For, with the exception of Major-General Clarence R. Edwards, who led the first New England men to go to France through months of death and glory, there was no division commander so respected and loved by the people of the six New England States as Major-General Henry P. McCain.

So, with this poor recitation of the qualities of the last war commander of Camp Devens, let us stop. The camp will live for years to come, literally as well as in the memory of those who served there. For the Government owns it now—about 3,500 acres of it—and it is a Regular Army Post.

It was and is a good camp; among the best in the country. Some of the fellows who served at other cantonments on this side and overseas will vouch for that. For its good points—the

many respects in which it was superior to other American cantonments—we have the men who served there to thank. They are the ones who made it great. And as we look back on our Devens days with justifiable pride, perhaps it would be just as well for us to remember the fellows who would have given their right eye to get overseas, but who, being denied this, stuck to the job over here and "carried on" for all they were worth.

THE END

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